GREENBACKS
ld of Solid Comfort.

Does the Baby want a Carriage? We have as pretty carriages as any one wants from $7.50 to $15. When you intend buying one, see our catalogue or our Carriages before you decide.

Every Spring we make liberal offers to our old customers to renew trade, and for new ones to join the large army of people who trade with us. Every year our trade increases, which must be accepted as a proof of our dealing straightforward and satisfactorily with our customers.

We aim to sell lower, keep a larger variety to select from, and give more liberal terms than any other house in our line.

We shall continue to do so, and hope to have the pleasure of filling an order for every reader of this advertisement. It will not be our fault if you are not perfectly pleased, for we make it a rule that every customer shall leave our store with a desire to buy from us again. Write us; samples will be sent and full information given on application. Our floors are full of novelties of all kinds.

You can purchase on time or for cash. No extra charge for the convenience of credit is made. As soon as the first payment is sent the goods are shipped, freight prepaid, to your nearest R. R. station. It takes but little Gold, Silver, or Greenbacks to get a home of comfort. Happiness will be the result.

urnishing Co.,
lle Sts., Portland, Maine.
rd, Norway, Gardiner, Waterville.
neral Manager.

CRUSHER AND LEVELER.
VARIETY OF SIZES.
$13.00 AND UPWARDS.

Eversible Coulters. Lumps Crushed, Soil oth to pull up Rubbish. No Wearing Jour-
Millington, New Jersey.

Manure Spreader.

Fruit trees have come through the winter in good shape. We have seen nothing that looks like winter killing even on the tenderest twigs. There is also to be found a very goodly measure of fruit buds set for the season's bloom. It can hardly be expected however, that trees which gave the full crop of last year, will respond again in such bountiful this season, though the present indications are promising. For two years we now had two large crops in as many years, and ought not to be disappointed if we are not so highly favored the coming season. Pears and plums were light last year, and following the favorable winter, we may reasonably expect a fuller crop to follow this season.

Plant Corn.

There is no staple crop connected with our farming that contributes more to the thrift and the prosperity of the farmer than does the corn crop. See a field of good corn growing on a farm, anywhere, and you will always find a good farmer to go with it.

1. It is one of the most valuable crops, to the acre, known to the farm. There is grain and fodder both to it, and both are needed for the stock. It carries with it the necessity of keeping stock on the farm, and furnishes the needed material to feed it with. The more corn raised, the more the stock that can be kept, and the more stock kept the more the corn that can be grown. Good, bright New England corn is a good grain feed for any kind of stock fed for any purpose. There is always room for it, and it is always needed.

2. It is not a costly crop. The labor involved in its production is comparatively light under the later and better methods in practice, and the principal part of what is called for is team work, which costs but little. It is not a gross feeder on the elements of fertility. On a good corn soil, paying crops may be produced without heavy manuring. While the crop responds liberally to liberal applications of manure, yet this is not a necessity. Experience has shown till it is a fact unquestioned that nitrogen, the mostly costly element of all manures, is not needed in liberal applications for the production of good crops of corn. Not being a gross feeder on the soil the land on which it is grown is left in good condition for the following crops, as all farmers know who have grown it. Good fields of corn mean fields of good grain and grass to follow.

3. The cost per acre of the crop in labor of men and teams will of necessity vary with the soil, whether it be light or heavy, and with the location on account of carting. Aside from carting manure, it should not and need not exceed the following figures:

Plowing	$3 00 to $4 00
Harrowing	1 00
Planting	50
Cultivating	1 00
Hoeing	1 00 to 2 00
Cutting	1 00 to 2 00
Husking, 4 cts. basket	3 00 to 4 00
Total	$11 50 to $15 50

Add fertilizer, 250 lbs, $4.50, and we have the total outlay to the acre, aside from the application of the barn manure $15.70 to $20 00. It has been learned that the fodder contains as much nutritive material, or in other words stock food, as the grain itself. As carefully harvested and judiciously fed as the corn, it should be worth as much to the farmer. This has been found in practice to be the case, hence the much greater appreciation of the crop than formerly, as a stock fodder. If, then, the grain is worth the present market value, fifty cents a bushel, to feed on the farm, and no one will question it, a fifty bushel acre would be worth $25, and the fodder the same. There is room for a large discount in the value of the fodder, and still it will pay all, or nearly all the labor cost of the crop entire. This is a fair representation of the importance of the corn crop to the farm.

4. The area of the crop should be extended. Under a short supply of manure this can be done on a good corn soil by spreading the barn manure over more acres and supplementing with some form of commercial fertilizers. This has proved a good practice at the hands of many farmers. The crop fed out to stock on the farm, and the manure carefully husbanded, the supply for broader fields the next year is easily accounted for. The only limit to the extent that this may be carried on is the pleasure of the operator. Because two or four acres has been the regulation breadth in corn on the farm in the past, is no reason it should be confined to that limit indefinitely. We want to strike out for more. The way is clear, all that is wanting is to go and do it. Farmers need more corn in their feeding than formerly. They can raise it if they will. Less acres in their grass and more acres in corn will give more stock on the farm and leave more money in the hands of the operator. Then plant corn—sweet corn where that is best, and if not, then yellow corn.

Keep sheep for the meat, and get what wool you can is the latest style is sheep-husbandry.

No one harrow best suits the work called for on all soils. If one has much to do it will pay to have the tools fitted to do the work.

A Nebraska farmer tells the stock breeders of that state, that for the mortgaged farm, and the lean pocket-book, he knows of no better medicine than the Jersey cow. Just so in Maine!

There is no surplus of cheese in the market at the present time, and prices of old stock will go out at a good figure. A pound of good cheese will sell for as much as a pound of poor butter, and ought to be greatly preferred.

Butter and cheese makers complain of low prices but those who make sale milk for the city trade are in the same box. There is an overproduction of milk. People will have to eat more, or farmers must make less.

The ruling low price of butter, and the higher price of cheese has turned more of the milk to the latter product, where it will be likely to go till the tilt of prices is the other way. There is every indication that the demand for butter will be active the summer through.

The joint committee of members of the New Jersey board of agriculture, and both Houses of the Legislature, which has been acting with Gov. Abbett in an effort to remedy the present agricultural depression in New Jersey, have agreed on a memorial to Congress setting forth the most prominent grievances that require national legislation as a remedy.

Don't be behind time with farm work. Good crops, at harvest require that the seeding be done not only in proper order but also in the proper season. Out of season seeding is at best a partial failure from the start. Work should be done at the proper time or not at all. We want more of certainty and less of failure with the cropping, and one way to insure this is to do all things in season.

Do not hurry cattle to pasture. There is nothing gained till there is something for them to eat. Better for them to lie quietly and comfortably in the barn chewing the cud of contentment. The idea claimed by some that young cattle will later do better if turned in to pasture to starve for a few weeks before the young grass is plentiful enough for their wants, has neither sense nor reason to support it. Cattle young or old need enough to eat at all times.

The Pewankee apple originated with Geo. P. Peffer of Pewankee, Wisconsin, from seed of the Duchess. In the west it is still recommended as having an established value. It was humbugged on to purchasers in the state who are always running after something new, as one of the modern ironclads, but never was extensively set and now hasn't a friend left among us that we know of. The quality may do for "Out West" but it is not good enough for Maine growers. We can do better.

The high price and short supply of apples, has sent the price on evaporated apples up to a good figure. Those who kept over their last year stock on account of low value, now find the price nearly doubled and a sharp demand. A good article, old crop, readily commands ten cents. Hadn't fruit growers in fruitful years better evaporate all their unsalable stock, thereby keeping it out of market and putting it in shape to carry forward to the shorter year where experience has shown good prices may be realized? So long as fruit is to be produced in large quantities, there needs to be business calculation put into it.

Are You Ready?

The work of spring time is right upon us, and every one ought to be in complete readiness to strike in earnest the first day the season calls for it. The time for fitting the land and sowing the seed, with us in this State, is always too short for the work even in favorable seasons and under the most careful forethought. Hence, there is no time to waste in uncalled for delays. Fortunately the outlook was favorable for farm work, and most farmers improved it to the extent of completing the plowing and applying much of the manure. In our own case, every furrow was turned and all the manure applied. Now as soon as dry enough, the land is ready for the harrows, and good, strong teams will make prompt work of it. In this way, and in no other, one can get over many acres in the short time allowed for it, and still be on time with his work.

Nearly all field crops are more certain of good results when seeded early, provided always the land is in suitable condition to work. Grain will be plumper in kernal, and of heavier weight, corn will be heavier eared and riper, potatoes will be of better quality and less subject to rust, and finally better weather usually prevails at harvest. There is every reason then, for pushing the work vigorously when it opens. Everything should be put in complete order so there shall be no delay. It is the active man that succeeds.

Seeding to Grass.

Much depends on properly fitting the land when seeding to grass and clover. These seeds are small, and never will be heard from if buried deeply in the soil. The land, then, should be well leveled, and thoroughly fined before the seed is sown, so that it may be evenly and properly covered. Under the best of preparation much seed is no doubt wasted, but this should be avoided as far as possible. It is proper seeding rather than heavy seeding, that is wanted, though in quantity of seed used there is a wide difference of practice. With careful preparation of the land, our own practice has been to use 12 pounds clover, 8 quarts of herds grass, and 12 quarts red top, to the acre, and we have never seen that a larger quantity was needed. When practicable, grass seed should be sown early. The nature of the seed is such that it will germinate when the soil is cold, so there is no danger of rotting unless flooded with water. The early sowing gives the young plants time to get well set in the soil before the sharp droughts so frequently experienced in the summer, can have any effect upon them.

Prevention of Apple Scab.

Much effort has been made by the State Pomological Society, and by its members individually, to find a remedy for what is familiarly known as "scab" on apples, but with little of success thus far. Now find the following communication on the matter in the *Prairie Farmer*, written by Prof. E. S. Goff of the University of Wisconsin:

"The disease known as 'scab' on the apple, which produces the black, scaly spots on the surface of the fruit, is caused by a fungus known to science as *Fusicladium dendriticum*. It affects not only the fruit, but the foliage of the tree as well, and its injuries are not limited to disfiguring the appearance of the fruit and leaves. The attacked foliage is unable to perform its normal functions, the fruit are not properly nourished, and the formation of fruit buds for the next year's crop is interfered with. The fungus feeding upon the skin of the apple prevents the fruit from attaining its normal size, and frequently causes it to decay prematurely. The actual loss from this disease is probably much greater than it is usually estimated to be.

"The apple scab is propagated by spores, which, alighting upon the moist surface of the leaf or fruit, germinate, sending their mycella beneath the cuticle of the leaf, destroying the epidermis. A moist atmosphere favors the development of the fungus. Hence the lower limbs of apple trees are more likely to be affected than others, and old orchards, where the branches have grown close, are usually more infested with it than younger ones.

"For some years past the writer has been conducting experiments with the hope of finding an application that would prevent the development of the fungus without injuring the foliage or fruit. Experiments were commenced at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station in 1885, and have since been continued, (in Wisconsin) having been conducted the past season in the orchard of Mr. A. L. Haich of Ithaca. Various materials have been tried, with varying degrees of success, but at last we seem to have found a material that meets the requirements. This material is the carbonate of copper dissolved in ammonia and diluted with water to an extent that renders the solution harmless to the foliage. One ounce of carbonate of copper is dissolved in one quart of ammonia, and this is then diluted with 20 parts of water, when the solution is applied to the tree with a force pump and hose fitted with a spraying nozzle.

"The trees, which were of the Fameuse variety, were sprayed seven times, the first application having been made soon after the petals had fallen, and the treatment repeated once in about two weeks until the seven applications had been given. The crop was harvested in due time, and the apples assorted into three qualities. In the first quality were placed only those apples not attacked by the fungus. In the second those that were slightly injured, but not sufficiently to materially affect their market value, and in the third those more injured. The results secured from the sprayed trees, and from other trees in the immediate vicinity not sprayed, were such that on the sprayed trees 75 per cent. of the fruits were found to be in the first quality, while on those not sprayed only 23⅓ per cent. were in the first quality. It also appears that on the sprayed trees but 1⅔ per cent. of the fruits had to be placed in the third quality, while on those not sprayed 22⅔ per cent. were found in the third quality, showing that the treatment was almost a complete remedy for the disease.

"The cost of the treatment is very slight, and applications for the codling moth may be made with the same solution, by simply adding London purple at the rate of an ounce to 12½ gallons."

Feeding of Milch Cows.

Many of the readers of the *Farmer*, have been interested in the dairy work of Wm. Crozier of Northport, Long Island. In a report of a dairy conference recently held in that town, given in the *Country Gentleman*. Mr. Crozier's method of feeding his cows is given, which we copy in full:

Mr. Crozier says: "I do not feed ensilage; my feed consists of cut corn fodder, pulped mangold wurtzel, bran and ground oats. This is cut, pulped, and the coarse bran and ground oats, with some fine salt, all thoroughly mixed together. I cut mostly on Saturday, but not to feed on Saturday, or one week. It is put in one heap on the barn floor, and covered over with a piece of old sail cloth. The mess soon warms up, not *hot*. Each cow gets a bushel basketful of this, morning and night; and when a cow is in full milk, or fresh, she gets one pailful of warm water, with three quarts of bran and one quart of ground oats mixed in the water, twice each day. My cows come in out of the stable in winter, nor do they get cold water—the chill is always taken off before they get it to drink. A bushel basketful of the mixture weighs about 40 pounds. In the middle, after they are watered, they get a bundle of hay. This hay is made from my grass mixture, as my mowing land is seeded down with several mixtures, and one of the mixtures is alfalfa, which is very important to give flavor and texture to butter. To have dairy cows in good condition, and to give rich, pure cream they must have change of feed, and not feed alone, but must be kept clean, and the stable well cleaned every day, and the cows are curried and brushed once each day. This gives contentment and comfort to them, and if I find a cow that does not give me an equal return, she goes to the butcher.

I have received three letters asking how it was that the butter at the dairy conference was reduced from 37 lbs. to 23½ lbs., although there was one ounce of salt added to the pound, or 37 oz. of salt to the 37 lbs. of well-drained butter before the salt was added In reply to this question, I answer that the butter, when washed in the churn was taken out with a strainer and put on the Reid butter-worker, and was looking dry. The 37 oz. of salt was duly mixed until every particle was dissolved. If the butter is worked as it should be, it will carry a certain quality of moisture carries off a quantity of the water in the butter. In all my experience in making butter, I never gained any weight by the salt added to it, but in every case, no matter how dry the butter was before salting, it loses several ounces to the pound.

The dairy conference here did a vast deal of good, as since then the farmers are inquiring for Jerseys. One farmer has already purchased two. Another old farmer has been buying some grade Jersey calves, and several, who had no belief in Jersey cows, have changed their minds, and are going to make a change in their herds."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

System in Farming.

As a rule, the farmer in this country has too much to do. He has to be "chief cook and bottle washer," "boss and hired man," captain, mate, and crew, all at the same time, and no wonder he fails to attain the best results. How can a man reach perfection in any one department of farming, when he has to waste his energies in so many directions? It is utterly impossible. I mean the average farmer, of course, the one who mostly has to do his own work, not the rich gentleman farmer, or the man of abundant means, who can hire any amount of help. Our whole system of farming is splendid in theory, but it is mighty lame in practice. It has become so through the force of circumstances. Once it was beautiful in both theory and practice, for one hundred, or even fifty years ago, the population was more largely rural, the earth produced abundantly without much effort, and our wants were few and simple. The forces which have been at work to create a change, are many and powerful, among which may be named, the centralization of wealth and population in our large cities and towns, the railroad, the telegraph, lightning rates, and a mighty competition with the West. Following close upon a reduction of our rural population, was a consequent reduction in the producing power of each acre, while at the same time they were being brought, through means of rapid transit and cheap transportation, into sharp competition with virgin soils capable of producing, for a long series of years, abundant crops with but little effort.

What wonder then, that the New England farmer, as he "stamps his foot, claps his hands, twirls around and views his land," does so with a dazed look, and wonder that he is ready to cry out "oh! dear! what can the matter be?" Circumstances will give things an awful twist sometimes, and the farmer is not the only one New England farming seems to be badly out of joint. Brother I. C. Libby, I see, is doing his level best to straighten the nose by preaching up sheep husbandry. Well, that is one way to get rid of our fallen fortunes, and a good way, but if our sons and daughters are all determined to be lawyers, or doctors, or machinists, to stand behind counters to sell merchandise, to run telephones and telegraphs, who is to tend the poor sheep, I would like to know!

But it was system of management in agriculture, that I was to talk about, and not circumstances, for the latter no man can help, but system he can help that; yet we can help the matter in some way, and our present object is to inquire in what way. In some countries—England, for instance—they do things differently. The farmer has a capital to work upon according to the size of the farm, and the amount of help to be employed, and seldom, or never, works himself. He does the planning, and is a thorough master of the business, and in order to carry them out successfully on large farms, he has one or more men for every department, field men, plow men, barn men, and stable men, and each class of workmen attends strictly to his own special work, and is seldom or never required to assist in other departments. The plow boy never leaves the plow, nor the barn boy the barn, consequently the land receives thorough tillage, and the stock the most skillful care. I think what I have said in regard to English agriculture is substantially true; at any rate, from all that I have read and heard, the business appears to be carried on very much the same as work is laid out and managed in our machine and shoe shops. Now I do not wish to be understood as saying that a man cannot learn and turn out just as good a shoe or lathe, or locomotive as the shops, or that the farmer here cannot keep his stock just as nice, and his fields just as clean and productive as the English do, but that the odds are against him, and frequently the odds are too heavy.

But we cannot adopt the English system, nor do we wish to; it would have a tendency to lower wages, degrade labor, and make of men mere machines. What we want is more intelligence in our workmen, and not less. The growing evil is that we have to depend largely upon foreigners to carry on our farms, and that is not of the best.

The best way to solve the problem, in my humble judgment (I may be wrong) is to do well what we undertake, and never be scurry along and half do anything—that never pays—for fear we may have to hire a little. Again, after planning no more work than can be done thoroughly, if that cannot be accomplished by the man of the house, with the assistance of his family, then let him hire the best of help, and not the cheapest and poorest, for the poorest is always the dearest in the end. Put in only such crops as will pay best in your own market, have the best of tools, cultivate them thoroughly, and under a rigid system of keeping every thing in its place, every thing in repair, combined with an accurate knowledge of expenditures, the chances are that New England farms and farming will will come up to a higher standard. and pay greater profits.

W. P. A.

Granite Hill Farm.

For the Maine Farmer.

Butter-making—The Two Systems Compared.

The subject of co-operative butter making is being discussed by all agriculturalists that have an interest in the matter of dairying, and co-operative manufactories are being compared with private dairies. We are discussing the merits of each system, in order to ascertain the facts in regard to the production, sale and absorption by the consumers of the butter product of Maine, and the nitimate good or ill effects to be derived from the production and sale of the product. Some of our leading agriculturalists that are theoretically and practically able to give us facts, contend that co-operation in the production of butter is the only road to success, while others equally well qualified in the premises, contend that private dairying is the only sure road to success. Now the fact is this: One of the systems is better than the other, and it is the wisdom for me to try for the best. I know that the best practitioner does not always prove successful, even in the use of the best means, for the quality of manufactured butter is in favor of the man in the use of right means. I notice that the men constituting our Agricultural Board in Maine, and who hold Institutes in numerous localities in the State, for the instruction of the farmers, (and I wish that each and every farmer would avail himself or herself of the advantage gained by listening to the expressed thoughts of these men) do on such occasions advocate and set forth the superiority of co-operation in the matter of dairying, and several, who had no belief in Jersey cows, have changed their minds, and are going to make a change in their herds."

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We have a creamery not far from our place, and it is one of the most successful institutions of the kind in our State, especially in the quality of its product, and the financial results from this source are paid its patrons was twenty cents, more or less, and that is about the price paid by such institutions throughout the State. One of the creameries states that the average yield in cash, per cow, was near $42. Now that amount was considered a good yield. But what did that $42 cost the producer is a question that every producer should ask himself, and be not a wise man? satisfactory to himself, or he is not a wise patron. But we do not at this time intend to give an *itemized* bill of costs, (we can); we simply give you the result of fair experience. Dr. Twitchell says he can feed a cow on a good business, a year. Now if you pay for the feed of a cow one year, $42, and receive in return for her product, $40 or $42, where is your share? What have you got from the transaction to meet your unavoidable liabilities? You think, are saying, "Where is the skim milk and manure?" I will answer. I have taken my pay in skim milk and manure for years, and I have come to the conclusion it's not a very lucrative business that pays only in that sort of material. But that sort of pay is what the farmer of to-day is taking to remunerate for his long and hard days of labor, to deliver to the co-operative establishments the products of his farm.

There is a long distance between the price paid the producer of the cream and that paid by the consumers of the butter; one is twenty cents, the other thirty cents per pound. Who gets this fifty per cent., the difference between the prices? The consumers pay for the butter fifty per cent. more than they paid the producer for the cream. The producer of the cream receives just enough to pay the expense of feeding his stock; nothing for his labor, daily and hourly bestowed on his business; nothing for the increase in value of the farm, yearly; nothing to aid him in the production of young stock. to take the place of those that drop off from old age or accident, or are condemned as unfit for the dairy. After the two had aborted, I left off feeding it to them, but occasionally fed barley straw that had been threshed that grew on the same piece, until one or two more had aborted, when I fed them no hay but without straw. In my pasture there was not running water all the time, but in dry times there would be stagnant pools, which the cows would drink out of. I made up my mind that one of three things caused abortion in my cows, either the first cow was injured by the steers, causing her to abort, and the others aborted by coming in contact with those that had aborted previously; or the barley was unhealthy, thus causing the trouble; or else it was caused by drinking impure water. At any rate, I removed those causes, and have not been troubled since. I don't feed my cows any much moldily or musty fodder. I dug two wells, and had running watar carried to the pastures, filled up the stagnant pools, and my cattle are all right since.

I noticed in your last week's issue a question as to which was the best breed of cattle for milk, beef, working oxen and veal calves. I will give you some figures as to what I have seen done with Holstein cattle, and if any one can make a better showing I would like to hear from them. First, for milk, I have now a Holstein cow that has given over 50 lbs. of milk in a day, a heifer that has given 46¼ lbs. as a two-year-old. I have had two grade cows that have given 43 and 51½ lbs. milk in a day, respectively. One of them made 10 lbs., 13 ozs., and the other 13 lbs., 7 ozs., butter in a week, as four-year-olds. Next, beef, I have had a pair of Holstein oxen that took the first premium, as beef oxen, at Oxford County Fair. I afterwards sold them for 8¼ cts. a pound in Brighton market, when good cattle were sold the same day there for 7 cts. They weighed, in Brighton, 3730 .lbs. alive, and I got pay for 2701 lbs., dressed weight. I sold 8 grade steers, yearlings, to a man to winter. He wintered them with out grain, they were turned to pasture, taken from the pasture and killed without being fed, some of them being but a few weeks over two years old. The meats and hides, without the tallow, of the eight steers, weighed over 4100 lbs. I took the first premium at Oxford County Fair, last fall, with a pair of two-year-old Holstein steers, in competition with all breeds. I have a pair of Holstein steers, 34 months old, that have taken the first premium as best pair of steers at Oxford County Fair. two years in succession. They are perfectly matched, girth 6 feet, 5 inches, and weigh, without any yoke, 3523 lbs. They are kind in disposition, the best feeding cattle I ever saw, and the oxen are as good workers as any cattle I ever saw. As for veal calves, Mr. Trafton sold me the best veal calves he bought were Holstein. I know this—those that patronize my bulls. when they sell calves for veal, get about two dollars apiece more for their calves than they used to get for those of the dam age. Respectfully yours, D. L. BRETT.

Otisfield Gore.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Warning to Farmers.

Last winter there came to our shores an unwelcome and unbidden guest, in the shape of La Grippe, which visited all classes and conditions of life. Without invitation it entered the palace of the rich and great, the homes of the middle class, and the hovel of the poor, and swept away an army of people, leaving a multitude weak and exhausted from their battle with him, and easy victims for any other disease that may see fit to claim them. We are now warned that another undesirable guest will make a tour of our country, and that he will be more exclusive than La Grippe, choosing to stop where invitations are extended, and entertainment is provided. The agricultural press will be most delights is filth of *any* and *every* description. We are told that if all our surroundings are pure, he will pass us by. I hope that people will take heed of the warning, and prepare to receive such a cold reception that he will quit our country in disgust.

This enemy to life and health is the cholera. The cities, perhaps, will be watched by the boards of health, but country homes are left to themselves, and it is surprising the amount of filth that farmers tolerate about their farms and houses. Filth, alone is the cause that makes so very few that are what they ought to be. They are wet and mouldy, and filled with bad air from decayed vegetables, mouldy cider barrels, rotten potatoes and apples, and rotten boards. Cellar bottoms ought to be so dry that one can walk over them without damping or soiling their shoe soles. A good drain should be dug *all* around the cellar walls, and the cellar bottom should be so graded that water will be no more, making the income of his nine cows $382.50, and a man or woman, or both of them, for both have to work almost continually the year through to produce this amount of butter, earns this amount of money, and it is not large pay for the amount and kind of service rendered. I am aware there are some herds of cows in this country that are yielding more butter per cow than the herd I have mentioned; but 274 pounds each cow is, I think, a good yield.

The above mentioned private dairy is only one of many in our section that are doing business in the same way, and receiving in return the same result. Now my conclusion is this, that an ideal farmer does business on this line, and receives the most satisfactory results.

Windham. ALBION P. AYER.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cure for Abortion, and Stock Matters.

To the Editors of the Maine Farmer: I noticed in the last issue of the *Farmer*, a request that some one who had had trouble with abortion in cows, would give their experience with this malady. Four years ago last October, I had a lot of large steers break out of their pasture and get in with my cows. The next day a cow aborted, and in a week or two after, another one. The last the cows were turned to another pasture, but this did not stop abortion, they continued to abort until five had aborted at different intervals, the last one, I think, in February, being a period of nearly four months from the first one aborted until the last. One cow that was with the herd all the time did not abort, but carried her calf all right. The cows that did abort, with the exception of the first one, carried their calves all right for the next year, and always have since, so far as I know. The first one failed to breed again, and I sold her. I don't know what became of her. I had been using Sheridan with abortion since. Now for the cause. That summer I had some barley that was very stout and lodged badly. I cut it for fodder, and hauled it in before it was perfectly made, and spread it on a floor over the great barn beams. I commenced to feed it to my cows about two weeks before the first one aborted. It was dusty and musty, but the cows would eat it. When I got to the last spring, daily aired, and everything removed that might tend to cause sickness of any kind, remembering that "cleanliness is next to godliness." OZUM.

For the Maine Farmer.

Taxes on the Small Farms.

Mr. Editor: Tradition informs us, and history confirms the fact, that "in that elder day" the American farmer and mechanic was not lacking in honesty, integrity or courage. That they were both generous and brave is proved by the fact that even the fishes in Boston harbor were furnished with the finest of tea in the most liberal quantities, and all because King George attempted to make them pay a few pennies of tax on what he said tea. But how is it now? Does it seem possible that we are the descendants of those brave men? Here we are paying millions in taxes on our small farms and dwellings, and out of every dollar seventy-five or eighty cents is a pure steal out of our pockets, for the sole benefit of the tax dodger; to enable him to live at his ease and drive a fast horse at our expense. And the worst of it is, we are too cowardly to make even a vigorous protest. Of what earthly use is the right of suffrage to a class of men who have neither the intelligence nor courage to use it in defence of their rights? Every change in our tax laws for fifty years, has been in the interest of wealth, and against the producers of wealth. Make every species of property pay its equal part of TAX, and the rate will be less than three mills on the dollar. That is the change we demand next, and, "by the eternal," we are going to have it! Wake up, sleepy-heads!

Grog. SMALL FARMER.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

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MESSENGER WILKES 3743. (Record 2.29¾.)
Owned by B. F. & F. H. BRIGGS, Auburn, Me.

Horse Department.

Maple Grove Stock Farm, Auburn, Me.

Messenger Wilkes 3743, 2.29 3-4.

In our last issue, we presented our readers with the fine illustration of the elegantly bred stallion Rockefeller, by Electioneer, and take pleasure at this time in presenting one of his companions, Messenger Wilkes 3743, the son of Red Wilkes. In securing the best specimens of the Wilkes and Electioneer families, Messrs. B. F. & F. H. Briggs touched the popular chord. These two families are to-day the most noted in the country, and what is more than all else, have won their notoriety by real merit. In neither case does it rest on the performance of a single individual, but in both the popular demand is met. Here at Maple Grove the two are being blended, and the promise is of a family of superior merit.

Messenger Wilkes, who to-day stands at the head of the stud, was by Red Wilkes 1749, the sire of Prince Wilkes 3.14¾, Phil Thompson 2.16¼, Red Bell 2.17, Wayne Wilkes 2.18¾, Repetition, four-year-old record 2.19¾, and 23 others in the 2.30 list. His dam was Rena C., by Messenger Chief 1825, the sire of Maud Messenger 2.16¼, and five others in 2.30. Messenger Wilkes is a bay horse, 7 years old, standing 15-3 hands, with a handsome head, sharp, well shaped ear, long, well arched neck, good strong shoulders and back, with smoothly turned hips. His muscular development is remarkably strong, and his feet and legs all that could be asked for. Combined with these essential qualities may be named a degree of finish and a disposition rare to find. He is quiet and gentle in the stable, resolute and fearless in harness. His gait is true, open and rapid, and while weighing only a light shoe, goes entirely without weights, thus proving the naturalness of his action. As a five-year-old he obtained his record, 2.29¾, with apparent ease, and if allowed a season's handling, would undoubtless trot in 2.20. While speed, and size, color and disposition are all desirable qualities in the stallion, there is one other of still greater importance, and that is the ability to breed, or to transmit those qualities so desirable in the individual. Failing in this, he has no value in the stud. In this case there is no question, as the sons and daughters of Messenger Wilkes are natural trotters, while preserving the other good qualities of the family. Whether developed or not, they show that easy action so desired, and are in active demand, selling at high prices. Palm, who as a year ling made the best New England record at that time, is the only son of Messenger which has been developed, and as a two-year-old, he won every race he started in, and in the cup trial at Lewiston, obtained a record of 2.33. In his three-year-old form he promises to break the record so long held by Nelson. With all these facts sustained, it will not be wondered at that Messenger Wilkes is taxed to the utmost, compatible with health and vigor, and that mares are coming in for service from distant States.

Not content with one son of Red Wilkes, the Messrs. Briggs have secured an own brother to Messenger Wilkes in Ben V. 8940, foaled in 1886, a bright bay, standing 15-3 hands, and in conformation, disposition and gait, like his brother, though we fancy he possesses a trifle more finish, and promises full as much speed. This colt as a four-year-old won the stakes at the State Fair last year, trotting in 2.47¾, 2.47¾ and 2.44¾, and in two minutes after the last heat, made a trial for the cup in 2.42½. Red Wilkes, the sire of these two, will leads other sons of the mighty Geo. Wilkes in the production of 2.30 performers, and these stallions promise to command uniform and early speed, while insuring size, style, color and substance.

Having looked over the stallions noticed in these two sketches, one naturally turns to the brood mares and colts; and first of all, a look is taken at the full sister of Nelson, Sadie L. As she stands in her stall just ready to drop a colt by Rockefeller, she is indeed a typical brood mare of grand proportions, and her foal should be a fine one. It was intended this season to prepare her for a trial, and campaign her, as she is gaited like her brother, and promises to be very fast, but the purchase of Warrener, own brother to Sunol 2.10¼, changes the plan, and she will be bred to him. The result of this union will be watched for with interest. Sadie L.'s oldest foal, by Messenger Wilkes, is Sir William, three years old this season, a symmetrical and highly finished colt, with first-class feet and legs, strong muscular development, and plenty of substance. In many respects he resembles his dam, thus indicating the power of her breeding.

Jenny Allen, the dam of Palm, is another grand brood mare, and it is unfortunate that her breeding cannot be accurately established. Her last foal, Easter Maid, by Rockefeller, is a rich one.

Princess, by Gen. Knox, dam by Old Drew, is known as a wonderful roadster, and her filly by Messenger Wilkes is fine. This season she will drop a foal by Ben V.

Mambrino Gift, trial 2.33½, is a chestnut mare, standing 15-3 hands, by Mambrino Gift, dam by Albert Draper. Her colts are of fine gaited and promising.

Fanchon, by Gideon, dam by Winthrop Morrill, is a strong, well made mare, with faultless feet and legs, and a sure winner when shown in the prize ring. Her last foal, by Rockefeller, is said to have more speed than anything ever bred at this stock farm.

Modjeska, by Redwood, dam by Brown Harry, is another standard bred mare of real merit, being strongly made, well finished and possessing a fine colt by Messenger Wilkes are all fine

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 1, 1890.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Franklin county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

The blue ribbon for the yearlings at the Boston horse show, was placed on a colt by Nelson, who had a walk over against a large field.

Both Houses of Congress having passed the World's Fair bill in its amended form, it has received the signature of the President, and is now a law. Chicago promises to give the world the "biggest show on earth."

About thirty-one thousand quarts of strawberries were landed in Boston, Monday, some fifteen thousand coming from Savannah, and the rest from Norfolk. "Two boxes for a quarter," will be the cry shortly.

Hon. S. W. Matthews has been gathering certain farm statistics for his annual report, and finds that Aroostook county is far ahead of all other sections of the State in the prosperity of its farmers, and their good condition generally.

Col. Roland Worthington, for forty years proprietor of the *Boston Traveler*, and a strong and vigorous writer, has, at the age of 75 years, retired from the paper, with the best wishes of friends throughout the country.

Kemmler, who was to have been executed by electricity in New York, this week, has his life lengthened by a writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable June 17th. The ground on which the writ is issued, is that the act under which the execution was to take place is in violation of the constitution.

The Trustees of the Maine State Fair have decided to grant Mr. Edwin Woodside of Sabattis, leave to hold an auction sale of blood horses each day during the coming State Fair exhibition. This will give a good opportunity to farmers and breeders to dispose of their surplus stock.

It is not among the improbabilities that the general muster of the Maine Militia may be held in this city, in June, though that fact has not been fully determined upon. It will be a beautiful time of year for such a purpose, just before haying, and previous to the beginning of the political campaign.

The Portland *Argus* announces that it is now well understood that Hon. W. L. Putnam of Portland, by reason of matters beyond his control, will be unable to accept the renomination for candidate for Governor, by the democratic party. We heard yesterday that probably Hon. M. P. Frank of Portland, will be the candidate.

All through the life course of Samuel Hamilton, the dead body of the companion he accidentally killed, will follow him like a dark cloud. That his carelessness should end in such a tragedy, he little dreamed, but what an awakening! Boys brandishing pistols, or using them for playthings, under any circumstances, are liable to fall at any time, into the sad experience of Samuel Hamilton.

Mr. Thomas F. Allen of Bangor, the efficient detective and game warden, soon leaves to take charge of the Tobique club house and preserves on the St. John river, in the northern part of the State. The club is composed of wealthy gentlemen of New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, and its President is Mr. F. W. Cram of Bangor. It is reported that the salary to be paid is quite large, and Mr. Allen will be congratulated on his good fortune.

On the train from the west, Saturday night, were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, formerly of the *Dirigo Rural*, Bangor, who on stopping that paper, sold their effects in Maine, and started to make for themselves a home at the West. They now return, disappointed at the result, and singing the praises of Maine, feeling like homesick children, returning to their father's house. They say now that good old Maine is their home, and, in the language of the hymn-writer, "here they intend to abide."

At a meeting of the Prohibition State Committee, held in this city last week, it was voted to hold the next State Convention at Portland, June 25th. A committee was appointed to perfect arrangements for forming a stock company, and making the *Portland Herald* a vigorous State organ. It was voted to form a State Prohibitory Law and Order League, with auxiliaries in each county and city, to secure the rigid enforcement and improvement of the prohibitory law of Maine.

We met Mr. Henry Preble of Bangor, the other day, who has spent some time in the territory of Arizona. His testimony is of the same character as the majority of all who have western experience—all things considered, Maine is the best state in which to reside. He says a man with money, who goes that way for purely speculative purposes, can in the exercise of care and good judgment, succeed. But a man without money stands a better chance here, besides enjoying all the comforts of civilization, and New England civilization at that.

A special meeting of the Trustees of the Maine General Hospital was held Monday, at Portland, and they closed a contract with Mr. Philbrook of Waterville, to erect the new south wing of the hospital, he being the lowest bidder. This wing was begun last year, and put up one story above the ground, and is now to be completed, making four stories. It will include a dwelling house for the Superintendent, and will cost $23,000 for the present contract, making the entire cost of the addition $60,000. A wing of similar size, without the house, cost a few years ago $75,000

The annual report of the State Superintendent of Schools, shows the number of scholars in the State to be 212,064, about the same as last year. As regards quality of work done, measured by attendance and average length, the condition of the schools was not equal to that of the preceding year. In quality of work done, as indicated in statistics relating to character of teachers, to classification of schools as graded or ungraded, to scope of studies pursued, to text-books and appliances used, the schools are superior to those of the previous year. Their condition, as affected by changes in plan of management, was improved. On the whole, there was improvement in most directions in which improvement wholly or chiefly depends upon local popular interest or effort. The free high school system grows steadily in public favor. The three normal schools have done effective work.

At the auction sale of stock at Boston last week, during the exhibition, the following good prices were secured for Sunnyside youngsters. Who says now, it don't pay to breed colts in Maine, provided merit is secured?

The best prices were obtained for the Nelson stock, though the others brought good money. The chief sales were as follows:

Kate Drexel, b. f., 3 years, by Nelson; dam Gladiola, by Cassius M. Clay; second dam by Curtis' Hambletonian. J. McFarlane, $610.

Belle Hoxie, b. f., yearling by Nelson; dam Belle Morrow, by Belmont; second dam by Mambrino Chief. A. Jordan, $575.

Richardson, ch. c., yearling, by Nelson; dam Jersey Lily, by Lord Falcon, by Bellfounder Morgan. J. H. Richardson, $361.

Follie, g. m., 8 years, by Gideon; dam Mollie, by Hambletonian Chief; second dam by Hiram Drew. Dr. Jenkins, $350.

Addie Nelson, by Nelson, 3-year-old mare, $600.

Lady Nelson, yearling by Nelson; dam by Gideon, $275.

Two of the horses were sold by their purchasers at an advance on prices paid.

A FLYING TRIP TO MASSACHUSETTS—ENLARGEMENT OF THE HOME OF THE BUCKEYE. With grip in hand we passed over the border, the other day, to the good mother State of Massachusetts, and found the season some two weeks advanced from that in Maine. There were no snow lines or collections of ice beside the fences; the grass was green in lawns and on the hillsides; the farmers were afield with their oxen and horses; potatoes and peas had been planted; early stuff was showing green plumes above the ground in hot houses; the horse chestnut was getting ready to throw out its uniformly shaped leaves; the buds on the maple and elm were swelling; and on every hand there were evidences of the greatest activity. And then the music of the frogs! Talk about the inspired Jenny Lind or the divine Patti! What is all that to the realization of the myriads of frogs in spring-time, singing their anthems and carols because the snow has fled and the icy bands of the streams are snapped. Especially at nightfall is their music inspiring, as you are passing alone along a lonesome road. Massachusetts frogs have excellent voices, full of harmony; but we thought we detected the voice of one old fellow, who was out of tune with the others, and who seemed to croak, "Mug-wumps, mug-wumps!"

But while the season in Massachusetts is ahead of Maine, the superiority of our soil, its richness and depth, enable us to catch up, and there is not so much difference in the fall as there is thought to be in the spring. More fertilizer to the square inch have to be used in Massachusetts than in Maine.

One of the chief objects of interest in this beautiful city of Worcester is the manufacturing establishment of the Richardson Manufacturing Co., where is turned out the well known Buckeye Mowing Machine but the "only and original," the favorite implement of the farmers. Since our last visit we find the works greatly enlarged. The addition is of brick, and about the size of the original factory, and affords room for the business, which has constantly expanded until it has assumed its present splendid proportions. This industry is not a local one, but one to which the people of New England take a deep interest, as the "Buckeye" has come to be a household word.

Years ago this company decided that neither was it in their interests, or the interests of their customers, to pander to the prevailing notion that called for a *cheap* machine. To cheapen the price, the quality must inevitably be cheapened. And what was five dollars to a farmer left stranded in the haying field, with a broken mowing machine and an idle crew on his hands? He might lose that amount in a single day. And so it has been the uniform policy of this company to send out a machine that would stand the test of time, and actual experience in the field. Some machines look first rate, on paper—the illustrations of them are in every way elegant; but put them in the field, and they soon become poor, worthless and crippled things, fit only for the heap of old iron, to be disposed of to the junk peddler at half a cent a pound. One company that started out to do a big business in Maine on these cheap machines, found after one year's experience that the farmers of this State had used the old and reliable Buckeye too long to take kindly to an inferior machine. So the managers of the Buckeye have not only steadily adhered to the policy of manufacturing a superior machine, but have been eager to grasp and utilize anything in the way of improvement; and this they have given the farmers the benefit of without adding anything extra to the cost of the machine. No other mower before the public has the patent self-oiling Pitman, the steel-chafe plate maintaining the shear cut, the patent carrying spring, reducing greatly the draft, and a scythe that will not break. And then if anything *should* give out, which is not probable, the duplicates can be procured at once of local agents scattered all over New England, and there is no occasion for delay or interruption of work. Hitherto the debt of the company has been confined to New England, but the business has increased seven hundred per cent. the last ten years, and having outgrown the original field, the business now laps over into contiguous States, as the excellency of the product becomes known.

With the new factory the company is enabled to double their capacity, as well as double their production. So ever since last fall they have been *turning out a mowing machine every twelve minutes*. This rate of speed they will continue until the beginning of the hay harvest. Our readers will see by this that the proprietors have the fullest faith in their machine. Two large store-houses, one of three and the other of four stories, are closely packed with the mowers, and cargoes are being shipped every day, the space being filled every day by the products fresh from the hands of the skilled workmen.

We wish every farmer who uses the Buckeye could just step into the factory and watch the various processes through which the machine passes, from its native condition in wood, iron and steel, until it comes forth ready for action in the field. The best of material is used, only skilled workmen are employed, tests are instituted that must drive out every defect or weakness, and the entire work is performed under the most searching and painstaking inspection. A poor machine is simply impossible under such circumstances. And that is the whole secret of the steadily sustained reputation of the Buckeye. There is no magic about it. Attention to the wants of the farmer, faithfulness to their interests, careful study of the principles involved in the construction of mowing machines, a sharp look-out to apply every real improvement, keeping fully abreast of the times, have enabled the managers of the Richardson Manufacturing Company to produce a mowing machine that has outsold all other machines combined that have been put upon the New England market. This is their special field, and from what we saw at Worcester, on our pleasant visit, we are satisfied they are better prepared than ever to "hold the fort."

MAINE GOOD TEMPLARS. The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Augusta, closed Thursday evening. A resolution was adopted thanking Gov. Burleigh for the interest he has taken in the order, expressing appreciation of the noble stand he has taken in enforcing the prohibitory law, and pledging him the support and influence of the order so long as he maintains his present attitude. A resolution was also passed asking the officers of cities and towns in making juror lists to select only such as believe in the maintenance of prohibition laws. It was voted to hold the October session at Rockland. The convention adjourned.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Phillips and Rangeley Railroad, Friday, Weston Lewis of Gardiner, G. M. Gardiner of Haverhill, and W. A. Rich of Medford, were chosen a committee with full powers to make contracts for the immediate construction of the road. After a conference with the Maine Central Directors, it was voted to call a meeting of the stockholders at Phillips the same day the Railroad Commissioners meet them, to see if there shall be an increase of the capital stock to $100,000.

Twenty-six wooden vessels are being built at Bath with a total tonnage of 23,500 tons, and vessels of 11,092 tons have been launched since January 1st. In the Waldoboro district 23 vessels are under construction, with a total tonnage of 13,637 tons. In the Belfast district there are 13 of 10,788 tons capacity, while in other districts great activity is displayed, and a summary of the whole shows that 117 wooden vessels are being built, or have been launched this year, of a total tonnage of 79,169 tons.

The patent "shedder" for smoothing down a horse's coat, after rubbing him thoroughly, invented by H. G. Thomas of Portland, seems to be an invention which has long been needed. With this simple implement, a good groom in five minutes can take off what loose hair would naturally fly in the next few hours. It does not irritate the skin like a curry-comb, and will be of great advantage to the comfort and temper of the horse. It is also equally efficacious with cattle as with horses.

THE MICHAEL BURNS CASE. The United States Supreme Court, in an Iowa liquor case, has just rendered a decision which has a very important bearing on the well known case of Michael Burns of Augusta, who claimed the right to sell in original packages, in spite of the State liquor law. His liquors were seized, and Judge Whitehouse, in the Superior Court of Kennebec county, adjudged them forfeited to the State. Burns appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, and the case is pending there now. The counsel for Burns claim that the right to import, which is conferred by Congress, carries with it the right to sell by the importer. And they rest their claim chiefly on a decision of the United States Supreme Court, in 1825.

The State of Maryland had required an importer of dry goods to take out a license before he could sell his goods. The importer resisted, on the ground that this license was in conflict with the law of Congress, which gave him the right to import goods on payment of a certain duty, inasmuch as it operated to restrict that right. The court sustained this view, holding that the right to sell was implied by the right to import, and that this license operated as a partial restriction of the right to sell, and therefore of the right to import. The counsel for the State, while admitting the soundness of the decision as a general rule, contend that when the article imported is deleterious to the public health or the public morals, the State may, under its police powers, restrain its sale even when in the hands of the original importer, and while still in the original package.

But it seems that in the decision in the Iowa case, just announced, the majority of the court adhere strictly to the doctrine laid down in Brown vs. Maryland, and apply it just as strictly to liquors as Chief Justice Marshall did to dry goods. And, furthermore, they hold that the doctrine of that case is as applicable to importations from one State into another as to importations from a foreign country. The effect of this decision is very far reaching, and it practically nullifies every prohibitory law in the country. Not only can an importer bring liquor from a foreign country, as Mr. Michael Burns did, and sell it in the original package, but under this decision a man can bring liquor in bottles or kegs from Massachusetts into Maine, openly expose it for sale, and sell it, and the State cannot prevent it. Judge Whitehouse's decision in the Burns case is completely reversed by this opinion, although that case has not been distinctively before the Court. The first abstract of the decision above referred to was entirely contrary to the above, but it was an erroneous report. This is the hardest blow prohibition has yet received.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. The semi-annual session of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance, was held Wednesday in Portland. A large number of representatives from different parts of the State were present.

The forenoon session was taken up with routine work, reports of officers, etc. The following Grand Division officers were present: Grand Worthy Patriarch—J. M. Larrabee, Gardiner; Grand Scribe—Miss Annie L. Hayes, Bangor; Grand Treasurer—H. K. Morrill, Gardiner; Grand Sentinel—W. O. Hersey, Pembroke; Past Grand Worthy Patriarch—Fred Stevens, Cumberland Mills.

The Grand Worthy Patriarch appointed the following committees: Finance—W. L. Hunt, Cumberland Mills; W. H. Adams, West Gray; S. W. Marden, Augusta. Reports—Charles Hayes, Chelsea; S. L. Carleton, G. H. Lefavor, Portland.

The Grand Worthy Patriarch's report was very interesting, showing the good work accomplished during the past six months.

The report of the Grand Scribe showed that the number of divisions is now 27, a gain of one since Dec. 30, 1889. The present membership is 1,043. The receipts for the period are $70.51; expenditures, $368.06; cash on hand, $262.85. In the last six months fifteen new divisions have been organized. The order is in very good condition and the prospects are bright. The members take a lively interest in the order among all the divisions.

In the afternoon the reports of committees were listened to. The closing session was held in the evening.

THE LAWYERS' BANQUET. The legal fraternity of Kennebec county, on Thursday evening last, in the dining hall of Hotel North, extended a complimentary banquet to Hon. Wm. Penn Whitehouse, who retires from the judgeship of the Superior Court in this county, to take his place on the Supreme Bench. Thirty-five members of the bar sat with the honored guest at the banquet table. H. W. Black, Esq., Chairman, read letters of regret from several absent members. Resolutions were passed, commending the distinguished ability, sound judgment and discretion that had ever characterized Judge Whitehouse in administering the responsible duties of his position; that in the trial of offenders the law had been vindicated, and the public weal subserved. L. C. Cornish, Esq., gracefully presided as Toast Master, and offered the following sentiment:

"Our Honored Guest."

Mingling a spirit of humanity with the cold letter of the law, wearing the ermine worthily and gracefully, and holding the scales of justice at an even poise, he has made an experimental court an established success, and has done what is impossible except for a true man, increased in honor among those who know him best.

Judge Whitehouse responded in his usual eloquent manner. Several members of the Bar, who were on an investment excursion to Cardiff, Tennessee, telegraphed that mellowed by the *mountain dew* of Tennessee, they would send greetings to the upright Judge and drink his health!

Ex-Governor Ames of Massachusetts, in a recent interview, discussed the decadence of New England farms in a very sensible way. He declares that there is no such thing. "New England farms are just as good as they ever were. Only the farmers wish to live better than their fathers did, and are not content to put up with privations, necessitated by existence in the woods, or away back in the hills far from a village. The trouble is that the standard of living has become so much higher, not that the farms are failing in value. Why, I can remember when a boy, say fifty years ago, that my father and mother used to make their own tallow candles, and if we used more than three dips in an evening it was considered an extravagance. Then we used to save every thread from frayed garments, and they were afterwards weaved into rugs. Otherwise our floors were bare, and the commonest kerosene lamps of to-day were held as high then as is our finest Argand burner." Ex-Governor Ames has a pretty level head, and states the case fairly and candidly.

The *Brunswick Telegraph* instances as a case of the ruling passion strong in death, the falling of the spire of the Main Street Baptist Church, Brunswick, which was torn down recently. Instead of falling on the ground as was expected, the spire went plump into the cistern, full of water, beneath the sidewalk—"Baptist to the last," or as the song-writer has it, "Baptist till I die."

The Androscogin log drive will not be as large this year by one-third as it was last. The total drive will amount to about 60,000,000 feet. There is still considerable snow in the woods, and many of the swollen streams are not yet free from ice, so that the bulk of the branch drives have yet to reach the main river.

Norridgewock village will soon suffer a loss that if not striking a blow at her material prosperity, will greatly mar her picturesqueness. The two big elms that have stood for ages in the town are decaying rapidly, and the first strong wind will be likely to level them. The larger is 36 and the smaller 21 feet in circumference.

The Granite Association of Maine has resolved that after May 1, employers will give their workmen the option of working nine or ten hours a day, without an increase of price beyond that now being paid.

June 4th and 5th has been fixed as the date for holding the spring meeting of the Mechanic Falls Driving Park Association. Purses aggregating $300 will be trotted for.

Quite a fall of snow throughout the State and New Hampshire, early Sunday morning. This has been followed by cold weather.

Something over 11,000 live lobsters were recently shipped from Eastport in one day, being packed in barrels and cases with a covering of ice.

The call is out for the Republican State Convention, which will be held in Augusta, June 12th.

EQUAL TAXATION. We are pleased to give the following communication on the above timely topic a place in the *Farmer*. The writer is a man of long experience in public affairs, having been for many years editor of one of the leading State papers. Facts are wanted now, and whatever another paper may wish to suppress, it is in order for the farmer's side to be heard.

Mr. Editor: I have just read a short article in the *Farmer* of April 17th, upon "Equal Taxation," over the nom de plume of "Small Farmer," dated at Gray, in which he says it is of no use to labor with assessors, because if any assessor attempts to equalize taxation, he is beheaded at the next town meeting, and his skin nailed to the gable end of his barn to dry. Now I am a living witness, if not to the truth of his assertion, to the fact, that if an assessor does not, and will not equalize taxation, he is put upon the list of immortals, there to remain, if not forever, so long as he stops here below. I know of a town in Maine which for twenty years has had one hundred assessors—the digit 1, and two ciphers at the right hand of the 1, which makes 100. The digit is an old Connecticut peddler, who, when a boy, went "down in Tennessee" to peddle wooden clocks, and probably took wooden nutmegs with him to use as change. He went from one thing to another, sometimes a commercial runner, sometimes a clerk, then a farmer, and at last the left hand man for life of three men, the oldest of whom never cyphers to do his bidding, which makes a board of exactly 100. The two cyphers are changed occasionally, as there are some 500 other citizens in town, any of whom make excellent cyphers, and who like to "figure." This man understands exactly how to keep down the valuation of village property at the expense of farmers. It is to value the property in the village, visible and invisible, at ⅓, ¼, ⅕ and ⅙ of what it is worth, and tax it accordingly, and then the farmers must pay the rest of the taxes. Farms are valued at some half they are worth, what more or less of them are sold for every year; whilst a great deal of village property is not valued at one-half it sells for, and those having money and personal property out of sight, are taxed at what they are willing to pay. I know of a village lot which has stood for years on the assessors' books valued at $100, which was readily sold for $425, and a lot by the side of it worth but little more, sold for $800. I know of a village owner of property who, two years ago, had all his property, real and personal, valued at less than $13,000 on the assessors' books, who sold the same year less than half of it for $30,000. When the Tax Commission commenced their labors at Augusta, a leading newspaper in Maine, of which I am a subscriber, published many articles from prominent men upon the subject, which I have no doubt went to by the "Small Farmer" of Gray. The paper invited all to give their views upon the subject. I wrote an article upon the subject, giving the facts I have stated above, and many others which are matters of record, and which can be proved or disproved, if they are not facts, giving the name of the town referred to, and other matters which I do not name here. But my article never appeared. I suppose it went to the waste basket, the usual amount of matter goes that means something, the waste basket, because if printed somebody would be offended and "stop" his paper.

Permit me, in closing, to suggest a remedy for all of the complaining there is about and end all the complaining there is about taxing. Have the next legislature enact that every Board of Assessors in the State shall, under a penalty of $500 for each neglect or refusal to do so, furnish blanks blanks headed with the name of every kind and description of taxable property, that a copy of such blank shall be placed in the hands of every tax-payer in town, and that he required to fill the blank to the full amount of all that he possesses, and having done so, to sign it and *swear* that it is the whole of his taxable property, specifying debts owing him, if more than on deposit, where it is deposited, if from income, from what source, and whatever else may be necessary to enable assessors to make a just and equal taxation, and that these returns shall be kept on file in the office of the town or city records, open to the inspection of every citizen of the State. If the men, rich or poor, are willing to perjure themselves to escape taxation, let them do it. It is of little consequence to me, as I writes the above, if it be correct in principle and true in statement, and so I sign myself PLEBIAN.

OLD TIME MEMORIES. The *Star-Herald* at Presque Isle, says: Mr. Samuel Bennett of this town, brought into our office this week something of a journalistic curiosity —being a year's file of the *Maine Farmer*, of the date of 1840. The *Farmer* then called the *Maine Farmer and Journal of the Arts*, consisted of eight pages, ten by fourteen inches in size. It was published at Winthrop, Me., and was edited by Dr. E. Holmes. As may be supposed, its news department was very meagre. The topic which seemed to interest most deeply during just then, was the northeastern boundary question, and the *Farmer* devotes some vigorous articles to this question. The Aroostook war is referred to as a war in the wilderness, and it was wholly uncertain whether in the settlement of this vexed question it would become a part of John Bull's or Uncle Sam's domain. Happily it came out right and the war with it is worth, on one side of the line, and fifty years have converted this unvalued wilderness into the home of a large and flourishing community. A comparison of the agricultural part of the *Farmer* of 1840, with that of the *Farmer* of 1890, shows that even in staid old Maine agriculture has had a remarkable progress and development in fifty years, during all which time the agricultural press has stuck closely to this great interest, and been its faithful and able exponent. One matter which we notice this ancient volume of the *Farmer* gave much attention to, was that of sheep husbandry, and it devotes very much space to urging the importance of this public improvement, and gives directions for the proper setting out of different kinds of trees, and their care. It was a favorite theme with the editor, and we have no doubt the beauty and wealth of many of the old Maine towns in shade trees, is largely due to the zeal with which tree planting was advocated by the *Maine Farmer* in the early years of its establishment. It is evident from a notice to subscribers that is inserted by the publisher, under the meek caption, "A Gentle Call," that Maine editors fifty years ago, had the same difficulty that is experienced by the fraternity of to-day, in extracting the dollars earned from the reluctant pockets of subscribers in arrears.

THE NEW DISEASE. Dr. Irving Rosse, one of the professors of the medical departments of Georgetown University, being asked his opinion of the new disease now attracting the attention of the medical authorities in Europe, said:

I know but little of the so-called new disease, "La Nona." It is supposed to be one of the sequels of the late widespread epidemic of influenza, from what I can gather, however, this affection is thus far confined to continental Europe, and is said to exist among the poor and badly fed. It has many points of similarity to pelisgra, an eczema of the skin, which affects the nervous system are implicated to such an extent as to cause pains in the back and limbs, a girdle sensation, suicidal impulse. In the new complaint, a sort of trance or sleep is said to follow the first conditions of the attack, resembling the state of hypnosis known among African negroes as kelavan. A certain fungus is said to be the cause of pelagra, which disease is known to be the greatest contributing cause of lunacy in the Alpine parts of Italy, and as grippe may excite other diseases where there is a predisposing cause, it is quite possible that the symptoms observed among the poor and peasantry are of alimentary origin. It is, therefore, not likely that we shall see "La Nona" prevail to any great extent on this side of the Atlantic, where the conditions are unfavorable to its development.

The essay on "Patriotic Influences of the American Flag when Raised over the Public Schools," written by Miss May Catharine Parsons, has won for the Skowhegan high school the flag offered by Perry, Mason & Co.

Editor's Table.

WALLACE'S YEAR-BOOK. The fifth volume of this indispensable handbook for horsemen has just been received, and it is more elaborate, correct and useful than ever before. The first part of the book contains the summaries of trotting and pacing races for 1889, and this alone is worth far more than the cost, for it makes a volume of 200 pages when published. But the most valuable part of the book are the extensive tables, bringing the records of all time up to the close of 1889. With the usual accidents of the trotting horse, these tables are beyond question the most complete of their kind. They are:

1. Alphabetical list of all 2.30 horses in harness.
2. Alphabetical list of all 2.30 pacers in harness.
3. The great table of 2.30 horses under their sires.
4. Table of 2.30 horses arranged according to records.
5. Table of 2.30 performers under their sires.
6. Table of sires of two or more dams of 2.30 trotters.
7. Table of great brood mares.
8. Table of sires of the dams of two or more producing sons or daughters, but are not the dams of any performers themselves.
9. Fastest records for all ages and dates.

Here is contained the cream of all trotting experience and knowledge in one cheap and handsome volume. The book is a beautiful, large octavo, over 300 pages, bound in cloth and gold. No man who wishes to be informed on trotting horses and trotting blood, can afford to be without it. Published at $2.50 postpaid, by Wallace Trotting Register Company, 230 Broadway, New York.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for April 19th and 26th, contain Prince Adam Czartoryski; Communism, by Emile De Laveleye; Lord Napier of Magdala; A Battle Described from the Ranks; Can there be a Science of Character? from Contemporary; Traits of Thought and Speech; Sketches of Taoism; From Russia, and Mountain Simmo; On the Naming of Novels; Extracts from the Journal of the Duchess of Dorset during the Reign of Terror, 1793-1794; A Rose-Garden; A Bunch of Stock from Ober-Ammergau; From Fall Mall Windows; with Instalments of "Marcia," "Anonyma," "The Legend of Madame Krasinska," and "The Good Little Girl," and poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($6) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE YEAR. At the close of the Maine Methodist Conference in Bath, Monday morning, the following appointments were made for the ensuing year:

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

Presiding Elder—W. S. Jones, P. O., Woodford's.
Alfred—F. T. Marshall.
Baldwin and Hiram—I. A. Ratcliffe.
Berwick—S. Hooper.
Biddeford—E. G. Tracey.
Bowery Beach—R. H. Kimball.
Cape Elizabeth Depot and Turner's Island—W. Oaxham.
Chebeague and Long Island—J. Wright.
Cornish—Supplied by M. B. Greenhalgh.
Eliot—G. I. Lowe.
Goodwin's Mills—B. Freeman.
Gorham, North street—H. B. Pratt.
Gorham, School street—Supplied by T. N. Kewley.
Hollis Centre—To be supplied.
Kennebunk and Saco Road—F. A. Braydon.
Kennebunkport and Cape Porpoise—P. Grovenor.
Kezar Falls—A. W. Waterhouse.
Kittery, First Church and South Eliot—H. B. Mitchell.
Kittery, Second Church—J. B. Lapham.
Maryland, Sandy Ogunquit—To be supplied.
Newfield Circuit—Supplied by J. Moulton.
Old Orchard and Saco Ferry—L. H. Bean.
Portland, Chestnut street—N. T. Whittaker.
Portland, Congress street—J. M. Frost.
Portland, Island church—J. Collins.
Portland, Pine street—J. F. Clymer.
Sacarappa—J. W. Potts.
Saco—G. E. Palmer.
Sanford and Springvale—J. M. Woodbury.
South Berwick—J. Gibson.
South Biddeford Circuit—W. H. Congdon.
South Gorham—E. F. Jones.
South Standish—Supplied by G. F. Jones.
West Kennebunk—J. Gibson.
West Scarboro and Knightville—Dr. Pratt.
West Scarboro—Supplied by C. E. Bean.
Woodford's—A. J. Covey.
York—G. D. Holmes.
P. E. Dukesbire, E. C. Strout and A. K. Bryant left without appointments, and one of the schools.

LEWISTON DISTRICT.

Presiding Elder—E. T. Adams, P. O., Winthrop.
Andover—B. F. Ficket.
Auburn—Lewis.
Bath, Wesley Church—A. A. Lewis.
Bath, Beacon street—W. F. Holmes.
Bethel and Locke's Mills—T. Record.
Bowdoinham—D. R. Ford.
Bridgton and Denmark—J. H. Trask.
Brunswick—F. C. Haddock.
Buckfield—To be supplied.
Conway, N. H.—I. A. Bean.
East North Yarmouth—Supplied by J. F. Keith.
East Poland and Minot—Supplied by G. F. Fowers.
Falmouth and Cumberland—C. F. Parsons.
Fryeburg and Stowe—W. H. Gowell.
Gorham and Berlin, N. H.—W. F. Merrill.
Harpswell and Orr's Island—George Holt.
Lewiston, Hammond street—Perry Chandler.
Lewiston, Park street—W. S. McIntire.
Lisbon—To be supplied.
Mason and Albany—Supplied by B. V. Davis.
Mechanic Falls—E. Springer.
Monmouth—J. H. Roberts.
Naples—A. D. Graffam.
Newry Circuit—To be supplied.
North Conway and Intervale—M. C. Pendexter.
North Auburn—To be supplied.
Norway and North Norway—F. W. Smith.
Oxford and Welchville—E. W. Kennison.
Rumford—C. F. Cobb.
Rumford and Bean's Corner—Supplied by G. B. Hanaford.
South Paris—Thomas Whiteside.
South Waterford Circuit—C. Purington.
Turner—Supplied by M. K. Mabury.
West Cumberland Circuit—F. C. Potter.
West Durham and Pownal—Supplied by J. Robinson.
West Paris Circuit—J. W. Smith.
Wilton and Farmington—The Agent.
Henry C. Sheldon—Professor in Boston School of Theology.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT.

Presiding Elder, G. C. andrews, P. O., Waterville.
Augusta—Ira G. Ross.
East Livermore and Fayette—J. R. Remick.
East Readfield—To be supplied.
East Winthrop, Temple and Weld—H. Crockett.
Eustis—To be supplied.
Fairfield—To be supplied.
Fairfield Center—To be supplied.
Farmington—W. F. Berry.
Hallowell—R. E. Foss.
Industry Circuit—G. W. Barber.
Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner—C. F. Allen.
Kingfield Circuit—W. B. Eldridge.
Leeds and Green—To be supplied.
Livermore—Supplied by C. M. Abbott.
Livermore Falls and Jay Bridge—A. E. Parlin.
Madison—Supplied by Robert Lawton.
Mt. Vernon and Circuit—H. Chase.
New Sharon Circuit—A. C. Trafton.
North Anson and Embden—Supplied by C. M. McLean.
Norridgewock—To be supplied.
North Augusta and West Sidney—W. H. Barber.
Oakland and Sidney—A. Hamilton.
Phillips—M. S. Hunt.
Skowhegan—D. B. Holt.
Solon and Bingham—Supplied by C. A. Laughton.
Strong—Supplied by W. H. H. McAllister.
Waterville—L. B. Godding.
Weeks Mills—J. Shepherdson.
Wilton—Supplied by W. A. Nottage.
Winthrop—L. Barnes.
Edgar M. Smith, President, Henry P. Torsey, Emeritus Professor, Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS. F. C. Merrill, South Paris, the Oxford county agricultural tool manufacturer, has been obliged to put on extra help to keep up with his orders for O. K. plows, level land and swivel, O. K. steel coulter harrows, Dirigo spring tooth harrows, spring tooth horse cultivator, and steel frame horse hoe and cultivator combined. The O. K. swivel plow has been so improved that Mr. M. considers it fully equal for level land, to any level land plow in the market. The O. K. plows is almost entirely superseded the old "Hersey plow," formerly manufactured at this establishment, and so popular in all parts of the State. This season's sale of the steel coulter harrows is nearly up to 1,000, all of which have been shipped from ten tons of blades having been shipped by a single firm in one of the Middle states. The Dirigo spring tooth harrow, introduced one year since, is also having a large sale, the wide bearing surface of the wooden frame being considered an important item in the way of preventing clogging. Fair dealing, first class quality, small profits, are the principles upon which Mr. Merrill so successfully conducts his business.

S.

LARGE SALE OF JERSEYS. *Mr. Editor:* A few facts gleaned from the sale of Jerseys (not Kenwoods) on one cheap and handsome volume. The book is a beautiful, large octavo, over 300 pages, bound in cloth and gold. No man who wishes to be informed on trotting horses and trotting blood, can afford to be without it. Published at $2.50 postpaid, by Wallace Trotting Register Company, 230 Broadway, New York.

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Grange News and Notes.

—Pleasant Valley Grange, West Bethel, held a special meeting, Thursday evening, and gave two candidates the fourth degree, after which hot oysters were served. The Grange is now in a flourishing condition.

—Four members have recently been added to the Grange at Island Falls, and more are proposed.

—At the last meeting of Exeter Grange, a novel idea was carried out, which not only furnished a considerable amount of amusement for the forty members present, and an excellent supper, but it added to the financial affairs of the Grange, to the amount of about $12. Each member brought a pound or three ounces, of something eatable. At the close of the meeting Past Master H. W. Messenger was appointed to auctioneer off all the different articles of food, consisting of baked beans, brown bread, corned beef, cheese, raisins, cakes, pies, doughnuts, honey, and other eatables too numerous to mention. Bro. Messenger made a capital auctioneer. The bidding at times, became quite exciting, and afforded no end of amusement to all the patrons present. When the last article was disposed of, the sisters arranged them on tables through the centre of the hall, and all hands sat down to as excellent a repast as you often see, at the close of which, the brothers and sisters wended their way to their homes, feeling well pleased with the afternoon's work. To the other Granges over the State, we will say, "go, thou, and do likewise."

—The speakers engaged for Grange Day at the Maine Chatauquan Assembly, in July, are Dr. G. R. Bowen, Master of the Connecticut State Grange, and Dr. G. M. Twitchell, Lecturer of Maine State Grange. Representatives from all parts of New England will be invited to be present. It is intended to make this a Grange day in every particular, and it is hoped that patrons everywhere will plan to attend.

—State Lecturer G. M. Twitchell will visit Knox county next week. He will visit the Grange at Thomaston, holding a public meeting at the time appointed, and commencing Monday, May 5th, will be at Camden; Tuesday at Searsport; Wednesday Union; Thursday, Appleton; Friday, Washington; Saturday, Montville; Monday, Freedom; Tuesday, Albion. Many of these are special meetings, and the Lecturer desires to meet as many of the patrons in each locality as possible.

Maine Agricultural News.

—The Monmouth Dairying Company commenced making cheese Monday. The factory has been greatly improved, and the company will be able to suit its patrons better even than in previous years. Mr. G. T. Delano, who has for so many years been the buyer of their cheese, expects (judging by past experience,) to sell 1000 lbs. of honey this season, and to have fifty swarms on hand at the close of the year.

—Many of the farmers of Appleton have planted peas

Items of Maine News.

The body of Lizzie Allard was found last week in the Androscoggin river at Lewiston.

The Aroostook *Republican* is talking of a pulp and paper mill at Caribou.

Knox Post of Lewiston has been admitted to the Grand Army.

Landlord Pease, of the Fairfield House, Fairfield, died Monday night.

Maine postmasters appointed: A. B. Stacey at Palmyra. J. C. McAlister at Detroit, vice John G. Rackliff.

Mr. E. A. Buck was the lucky fisherman at the salmon pool, Bangor, Tuesday. He landed a fine twenty-one pounder.

Mr. Charles F. Hughes, of Maine, is nineteenth in the class which graduates from the Naval Academy at Annapolis this year, after the full six years' course.

There is strong talk in Brownville of resuming operations at the old Crocker slate quarry, which has not been worked for over eighteen years.

The house and barn belonging to Herbert Rowel at Ash Point, South Thomaston, was totally destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss $1,500; insured.

Lewis Ludwig, a citizen of Noblesboro, committed suicide, Wednesday night, by taking poison. He was about sixty years of age, and was unmarried.

At Gum Corner, in Byron, Mr. Norcross, the gentleman who is mining for gold, says that he got more than $10 worth of gold in one day.

The President has appointed Collectors of customs, John D. Hopkins, District of Frenchman's Bay; and George W. Warren, District of Castine.

The ell and stable owned by Israel Mitchell, High street, Lewiston, and dwelling owned by H. C. Little, were damaged by fire Thursday afternoon. Mitchell had $1,000 insurance which will cover his loss.

Frank Burke's house and barn at Millbridge were burned, Thursday, with a portion of the contents. Loss $1,300 insured $600. The fire was caused by a defective chimney.

Fire, Wednesday afternoon, destroyed the grocery store and stock of E. E. Hall, at Bucksport, and the sail loft of E. P. Emerson. The total loss is $10,000, with a small insurance.

Scott Richardson of Bath was found dead, Friday morning, on steamer Blond, lying in the river at Richmond. He had lain down in the boat and was covered with a sail. Cause, heart failure.

The city of Saco, on Monday, settled for $2,580 with Benjamin Pothier, a laborer who was injured by the caving in of a sewer last fall. Pothier had brought suit against the city for $10,000.

Capt. William O. Alden, a well known retired ship master of Belfast, died suddenly, of heart disease, Monday night, aged 79 yrs. Capt. Alden was a brother of the late Col. Alden of Augusta.

Capt. Francis W. Leavitt, a prominent merchant of Saco, died of paralysis, Tuesday, aged 59 years. He leaves a family. He followed the sea many years, and was master of several Saco vessels.

At the hearing Saturday, in Buckfield, before trial justice C. H. Prince, of State vs. Mrs. S. Buckman for knowingly selling meat from diseased cattle, Mr. Buckman was completely exonerated.

Eugene R. Spear, manager of the New England Telephone office, who so suddenly disappeared from Rockland a short time ago, has been discovered living on a farm in California.

At the annual meeting of Fort Fairfield Village Corporation, the old board of officers was elected. It was voted to raise $1900 to pay expenses to this date and for the coming year.

Freeman Paine, who left his home at Standish last Thursday morning, and has been missing since, was found Sunday, lying dead in the woods near Dow's Hill. He was 70 years old. It is supposed that he died from exposure.

Fire, Wednesday afternoon, destroyed two dwelling houses at Union Mills, owned by Patrick Toner, and occupied by himself and James Kelley. The latter saved nearly all the contents, while Toner lost everything. Loss $2,900; insured for $1,600.

The farm buildings of Humphrey Phillips, near Old Orchard, were destroyed by fire, Thursday night. The fire caught from a defective chimney. Very little furniture or farming implements were saved. Loss one thousand; insured for six hundred.

The eastern division station of the Boston & Maine Railroad, at Saco, was burglarized, Monday night. The thieves gained an entrance by breaking a window. A small amount of cash was stolen. This is the third time this station has been burglarized within two years.

The directors of the Good Will Farm, Fairfield, of which Rev. George W. Hinckley of Bangor, is manager, have voted to build a barn one hundred and four feet long, the cost not to exceed $1,000, and to erect a large wind-mill that shall bring pure water to the farm.

Fire broke out at 10 o'clock, Thursday morning, in the ice house of A. G. Ring and others at Orono, containing 8,000 tons of ice. Part of the ice may be saved. One half was already sold at $3 a ton. The building and contents are insured for $11,000.

Capt. Joseph C. Ingraham, an old man and respected citizen of Rockland, died Friday morning. He was for a long time captain of the barkentine Ephraim Williams. Pneumonia was the cause of his death. He was seventy-two years old. A wife and child survive him.

The American Express office and Libby's general store at South Waterboro, were entered, Monday night, and large quantities of boots and shoes taken. The town people there were aroused, and pursued the thieves, two in number, a distance of three miles. The goods were recovered, but the thieves escaped.

A large number of families have moved to Eastport from the surrounding country this spring; during the past week fully a dozen families have landed there in boats, coming generally from New Brunswick. It is impossible for them to find the small tenements required, and some are building camps for temporary shelter.

The various saw mills on the Kennebec river which have been shut down during the winter, are beginning to start up. The drives on the rivers are expected to be larger this year than last. Large crews of drivers have already been sent to the woods, and the first drive of logs is looked for about the middle of May.

Most of the country roads are reported to be in very fair condition for this time of the year by those who have recently traveled over them. Although rough in some places they are drying up and with the attention that is being given them in the way of filling in, gravelling, etc., they will doubtless soon be in good condition.

Maine patents have been granted Moses G. Farmer, Elliot, two patents on apparatus for producing sheets of metal by electro-deposition, and electolytic apparatus for forming copper ingots; Edwin S. Drake, Portland, chair; George N. Spaulding and C. H. Eaton, Harrison, car lock; George A. Hall, Deering, cutter for mowing machines.

The provisional list of commencement appointments at Bowdoin has been made out, and the following are the first men in the class of '90: H. E. Alexander, Richmond; G. W. Blanchard, Lewiston; F. E. Dennett, Brunswick; G. F. Freeman, Everett, Mass.; H. E. Hastings, Bethel; W. R. Hunt, Bangor; F. P. Morse, Brunswick; S. S. Hidley, Lewiston; W. R. Smith, Litchfield; W. I. Weeks, Wakefield, N. H.

Franklin Simmons, the sculptor, who is engaged upon the soldiers' monument which is to be unveiled in Portland, writes that the main figure for the monument, the groups and the tablet of names, have now been completed and placed in the hands of the bronze founders. The founders promise to have the main figure cast in six months from the time they received the model. The groups will be done in three months, and the tablet of names in two months from the time of delivery of the models. It will be about one year from the present time before the statue will arrive in Portland.

At 12.30 A. M., Tuesday, fire broke out in the upper part of the store of C. J. Furber, corner of Elm and Spring streets, Bath. The flames spread rapidly over a whole block, and the fire ran to the adjacent building on Front street. The corner block owned by the McCobb heirs of Portland, is a total loss, together with the stock in the stores. The losses on the buildings of Dr. Roach are $2000, no insurance. The McCobb heirs lose $2000; no insurance. Part of the block owned by John Schother was burned. The buildings were occupied by the city liquor agency; Pitz's fruit store; C. J. Furber, paints, sporting goods and powder; Hooper & Son, fancy crockery; N. C. Gilstrup, paints, and Geo. Snell, furniture. Hooper & Son's stock was valued at $5000. The losses by the fire are figured at over $44,000, on which is insurance amounting to $22,550.

Prescott, the convicted murderer of Harry Williams of Portland, died at the hospital of the Maine State prison, Saturday afternoon, after a long illness. At 2 o'clock that afternoon, feeling that his end was near, he called to his bedside his nurse and the clerk, and dictated his will, substantially his story given some time ago. He stated that a woman murdered Harry Williams, and that he afterwards took the body through the streets of Portland in a cart, covered only by an old quilt, and buried it in the woods at Deering, where it was discovered. Prescott has been slowly dying of consumption, and has repeatedly made the same statement as to the killing of the man, for whose death he was imprisoned. On Saturday last he was perfectly calm, and knew that his end was close at hand. It hardly seems possible that in the face of death, and fully cognisant that but a few hours could possibly elapse before his decease, that he would go to his final account and stand before his Maker with a lie on his lips. He declared himself at peace with God and man.

Items of General News.

Doran, Wright & Co., N. Y., one of the largest bucket shop concerns in existence, suspended payment Monday.

New York celebrated Gen. Grant's birthday with a magnificent banquet at Delmonico's on Saturday.

Anarchists are being arrested every day in Paris, for attempting to create disorders among the working men.

Deputy Sheriff Davis of Essex county, Newark, N. J., has suddenly disappeared, leaving a shortage of $16,000 in his accounts.

A deaf and dumb man, named Thos. A. Underhill, a painter of Concord, N. H., was killed while walking on the northern division of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Full returns show a tremendous falling off in the Boulangist vote at the municipal elections in France. The result of the balloting is looked upon as a complete death blow to Boulangism.

The Homestead bank, New York City, closed its doors Tuesday. Bad business is said to be the cause of suspension. The bank had a capital of $100,000 and the depositors will be paid in full.

Secretary Windom has ordered that the 19 Chinamen, arrested at Port Townsend for coming into the United States across the British border, be returned to China at the Government's expense.

A farmer named Morrison, living near Shelburne, Ont., drowned three children in a barrel of rain water, Wednesday. He also attempted to drown himself. No cause is given for the terrible tragedy.

At least $500,000 will be lost by the collapse of the Keystone Watch Club Co. Atkinson Bros. jewelers, of Philadelphia, and the Keystone Standard Watch Mgf. Co. of Lancaster, Pa. These concerns failed a short time ago.

Secretary Blaine has sent messages to Southern cities which had prepared to entertain the Pan American delegates, stating that the trip was abandoned owing to the fact that there would be only one delegate in the party after it left Richmond.

A cyclone accompanied by a heavy fall of hail passed from the southwest to the northeast about five miles southeast of Memphis, Tenn., Saturday evening at 6 30. Hail and rain accompanied the frightful winds. Houses were overturned, and many head of cattle killed.

Thursday evening burglars attempted to enter Cutter & Co.'s store at Ironwood, Mich. A clerk fired a shotgun in the face of the foremost man, and the others fled. At night the burglar, John Richardson, turned up at the hospital with his face nearly gone. He refused to name his accomplices, and died early in the morning.

A Milwaukee, Wis., woman jumped with a child in her arms, from the second story of a burning house on Monday. The firemen rescued two other children in the burning building. The woman was badly injured by her fall, and all were shockingly burned. The youngest child, aged three will die. The others are six and eight years of age respectively.

As a result of the passage by the Senate of the bill appropriating $50,000 for an equestrian statue of Gen. Scott, in Madison Square, N. Y., Ex-Gov. Weston has bonded 30 acres of land, adjoining and including the burial place of Gen. Stark, for three months in behalf of the city. It is the design for the city to establish here a public park, on which the Stark monument will be erected.

It is well known in court circles, London, that Queen Victoria's health is seriously imperiled. Her Majesty's visit to Aix-les-Bains, whither she went for the cure of persistent acute inflammation of the muscles of the leg, has been in vain, although the English papers report great improvement. She is unable to walk, and is assisted in and out of her carriage. She is very ill and weak, and is suffering from incurable dropsy.

A gigantic labor demonstration took place at Montreal, Saturday night, in favor of the eight hour movement. Between 3000 and 4000 representatives of labor organizations assembled in Chaboilles square and were addressed by their leaders, who advised them to combine to combat capital, which is daily driving workingmen to starvation. Resolutions in favor of eight hours were passed. A strong police force maintained order.

The most notable society wedding in the annals of Cincinnati took place at the Walnut-Hill Unitarian church, Saturday. Miss Louise Ingalls, daughter of M. E. Ingalls, the railroad king, married J. A. Barnard, son of the president of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad. One thousand people witnessed the ceremony, while 180 attended the reception. The bride's presents, which included a beautiful diamond necklace from Chauncey M. Depew, are said to be worth $35,000.

The heaviest hail storm on record passed over Baltimore, Md., Sunday. Many thousand windows in the city were broken, the damage being confined mainly to the western exposure. Some horses and carriages were abandoned in the streets, the owners leaving them to seek shelter. It is probable a number of people were injured as the stones were very large, some measuring more than two inches in diameter and weighing more than four ounces each. The damage was great.

At eight o'clock the other evening a cloud burst struck the city of Gainesville, Texas, and for four hours the town and county were deluged. The water ran in great rivers through the streets in many places three feet deep. A small creek left its banks and swept away numerous small dwellings. The fire alarm was sounded at 11 o'clock and the department and hundreds of people turned out and helped the women families residing on the low lands along the creek. The whole county is deluged and crops are certainly ruined.

The Farmers' Alliance at St. Joseph, Mo., has undertaken a gigantic scheme to advance the price of wheat. A large elevator is to be built for farmers who are members of the Alliance, and wheat is to remain stored until it can be sold at $1 a bushel. In order to tide over the farmers who have wheat thus stored, a bank is to be established at St. Joseph, with a capital of $500,000, and money will be loaned to members at a very low rate of interest. Application will be made for a charter this week.

On Monday as the express train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad for Washington was descending a heavy grade a mile west of Staunton, Md., the brake rod of the engine fell. The air brake was rendered useless, and the wild train rushed into Staunton at the rate of eighty miles an hour. The Pullman sleeper left the track and was thrown on its side. In it were fifteen members of a theatre company, one member was killed, and several others badly injured. W. F. Kilpatrick, a lumber merchant of New York, had his leg severely torn. The car took fire, but was put out by citizens.

Steamer Cores, plying between New York and Hayti, arrived at New York, Saturday, with seven of the passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer Italia, who were picked up in the last stages of exhaustion on the morning of April 17th, between Fortune Island and Bird Rock. They were without food and water and had had nothing to eat for 24 hours when picked up. Other members of the crew and the passengers were landed at New York on April 18th from Watling Island upon which the Italia was wrecked. The party rescued at sea had resolved to take the chance of being picked up at sea rather than wait on the island.

The National Senate has passed the bill which passed the House appropriating $150,000 for the Mississippi flood sufferers. The Silver bill will be called up in the House, this week, and passed without any difficulty, it is thought. Senator Ingalls, on Monday, introduced a bill granting a pension of $6 a month to all persons who served in the late war not less than three months nor more than one year; to those serving more than one year, and not exceeding 800 days, $8 a month; to those who served over 800 days, one cent per day for each day's service. No person worth $5000 at the time of filing his application, shall be entitled to this service pension. The House has passed Congressman Dingley's bill to make Rockport, Me., a port of delivery. The Senate has already passed this bill. President Harrison first saw his first veto to the House Saturday. It was a message returning without approval the bill "To authorize the city of Ogden, Utah, to assume an increase of indebtedness."

A special to the *Daily States* from Bayou Sara, La., says: The relief steamer Dacotah reached Bayou Sara landing, Thursday evening. She made a trip to Pointe Coupee and came back to Bayou Sara. No pen is equal to the task of picturing the devastation of the country or the desolation of the people. The entire front of Point Coupee is under water, and most of the levees are gone. The water back of the levees is so deep now that hundreds of lives are in jeopardy. Small stretches of levee still standing are crowded with men, women and children, side by side with horses, mules and cows. In an old raised gin house 800 negroes were found huddled together. Their condition was pitiable. They were afraid of their lives, piteously begging to be taken to a place of safety. The crevasse at Allendale will overflow thirty of the finest plantations on the river. It will reach the Teche country several days in advance of the Morgan sea water. When this water joins with the Morgan Sea it will flood the entire Atchafalaya, La Fourche and Teche countries. The damage is incalculable. Ruin and desolation meets the eye on every hand in Pointe Coupee parish. The destruction is complete. Not a plantation is left above water, not a levee unbroken, and hundreds of families are homeless. Thousands of stock are drowned and it is quite probable that human life has been sacrified to the flood.

For Sick Headache

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

Are You a Nervous Sufferer?

Do You Have These Symptoms and Feelings?

Nervous affections are very prevalent in the spring, and are attended by *restlessness* and *nervousness*, an *anxiety* or *depression of the mind*, loss of interest in society and the daily affairs of life. There will be a *tired, languid feeling*, with a *sense of exhaustion*, upon waking in the morning. Persons so affected *tire* easily, having little power of endurance; there is often a *bad taste in the mouth*, with a *fulness of sinking* at the *stomach*; there may be a loss of appetite, or it will become variable, and digestion may be impaired. They gradually become **nervous, restless and irritable,** and there is often more or less **loss of sleep.**

There will be feelings of *exhaustion, lassitude* and *lack of inclination for either physical or mental exertion.* There is an almost constant sense of *weakness, languor* and *dullness*, often accompanied by *strange* and *disagreeable sensations* in the *head* and *eyes*, often followed by *headache.* The night's sleep, which should refresh the system and restore strength and vigor to the nerves and muscles, often *leaves them in the morning more tired and exhausted than on retiring.*

Persons thus affected are often **despondent** and suffer from **gloom** and **depression of mind.** The nerves become so weakened after a time that the least excitement or shock will *flush the face* and bring on a *tremor* or *trembling*, often attended by more or less *palpitation of the heart.*

If you have the above symptoms and feelings, or a portion of them, you *are suffering from nervous disease* caused by an exhausted condition of the nerve power, which is slowly but surely **sapping your life and energies,** and it is absolutely necessary for you, if you would prevent insanity, paralysis or total prostration, to use the great nerve invigorant and vital restorative, DR. GREENE'S NERVURA, which is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and for sale by all druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Refuse all substitutes, as this great remedy has no equal. *It is the best spring medicine in the world.*

If you are *weak, tired* and *nervous*, with *listless feeling* and *no ambition to work*, it will restore **your strength, vigor and energies.** If you are *sleepless* and *wake tired mornings*, with *dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, depression of mind* and *extreme nervousness*, this wonderful remedy will **clear your head, tone up your nerves, invigorate your blood and put vim and life into you.**

READ THIS WONDERFUL CURE.

I suffered for a long time from nervous prostration. Indeed, the *exhaustion of nerve power was so great* I became almost helpless, and was confined many times. Several doctors were consulted and *many* medicines were tried, but without relief. Learning of the great efficacy of *Dr. Greene's Nervura*, I began its use with almost immediate benefit, and under its continued use for two or three months I became strong and well.

MRS. ELIZA B. MCFARLAND,
1707 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Greene, the great Specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, April 29, 1890.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals
Gilnes & Weston,	22	34	
S. H. Wardwell,	23	4	30
Merrill & Hanson,	23	50	4
C. Libby & Sons,	51	24	
J. S. Weller,	18	44	

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 4100; sheep, 6803; hogs, 13,185; veals, 3739; horses, 97.

EXPORTS.

3472 head have been shipped during the week. Market reported weaker; none bring 12 cents; too many in transit.

TONE OF THE MARKET.

Beef cattle—No change to note. All classes are firmly held, at the range of 5 to 6¼ cents dressed weight.

Sheep market steady, with light run from the North. Fat sheep, 2 to 6 cents; lambs, 4 to 7¾ cents. Spring lambs are arriving freely, and sell at from $5 to $10 per head.

Hogs—Prices steady, 5¼ to 6 cents being the price of country lots.

Veal calves. A glance at the receipts tells the story—nearly 3000 head alive, and as many more dressed ones, are to be among of a good thing. Prices off ½c., 4½c. being out side and 3c. to 4c. common sales.

Horses in good demand; all grades sell well.

Working oxen. Trade nearly over. Prices range as last quoted, 3 to 4c., live weight.

Live poultry in demand at 10 to 12c., in crates.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

J. S. Weller sold 44 veals at 4¼ per head, or less than 4c., live weight. Cows at $20 to $30; Gilnes & Weston sold 1 pair steers for beef, to dress 1600 lbs., at 6½c., dressed weight; Merrill & Hanson sold their veals at 4½c., live weight; young calves $1 each; 10 cows at $30 to $50; 4 bucks at 4½c., live weight.

The Libby Company sold veals at 4½c.; cows at $30 to $45.

REMARKS.

At the present time, as prices exist in Massachusetts, no Maine stock should be shipped, as it is worth very much more to remain at home in our sparsely stocked pastures. We think if Maine drovers let up for at least three months, it will be better for all concerned. Our beef, what little there is, is worth more in Maine than elsewhere, which holds true with cows and working oxen. With the very low prices offered for our Maine cattle, we claim no one will make a mistake in holding. The veal calf trade is demoralized, and if all the increase is thrown on to the market, very low prices must be expected. It seems, at least, that it would be wisdom to raise a few of these high blooded heifer calves, if no more, for if all are slaughtered cows must be scarce and high soon.

I. C. LIBBY.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Apr. 29.

FLOUR AND MEAL. There has been a firm market for flour, and the sales that are being made are at full figures, but transactions have been small, and are only in such lots as are needed for immediate wants. We quote fine and superfine. $2 50@3 50; extras and seconds, $4 00@4 50; Minnesota bakers', clear and straight, $4 40@5 25; winter wheat, clear and straight, $4 70@5 25; winter patents, $5 25@5 75; spring patents, $5 45@6 00 for Wisconsin and Minnesota. Corn meal is quiet, with a moderate demand, and prices on bag at 67@69c, and barrel at $2 60@2 70 for granulated, and $2 10@2 15 for kiln-dried. Rye flour is steady at $3 50@4 00 per bbl. In oat meal there have been small sales at $4 50@4 60 for fine, and $5 20@5 30 for cut.

GRAIN. Corn is in moderate demand, and sales are made at about previous prices, but the market is weak. Steamer yellow and high mixed are quoted at 46c, steamer mixed at 45c, and no grade from 44@44½c per bu. There is a quiet demand for spot oats, and stocks are small in the elevators and in few hands, with trade consequently restricted. No. 2 white are in particularly short supply, and firm at 36@36½c per bu. on track, with sales in that range. Clipped oats are selling at a wide range of prices, from 37½@38½c per bu., as to quality. No. 2 white are quoted at 35@35½c per bu.

MILFEED. Bran is steady. Spring has been selling at $17.00@$17.25, winter at $18@$18 50 per ton. Middlings are held firmly at $17.00@20 per ton, as to quality. Cotton seed meal is offered at $24.25 per ton, to arrive.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Butter is steady, with the best creameries selling at about 30c. for round lots, with fancy and well known makes in small lots, and small packages at 31c. The best dairies bring 18@19c., with fancy at 20c.

Cheese is steady, with the market unchanged. There are good lots of northern that are held at 11¼c., but the trade is slow at that figure.

A large business in eggs continues to be transacted, and prices have ruled firm. Eastern ruled at 13½@14 cents in lots for consumption.

The apple season is closing at full prices. Aroostook Hebrons ruled mostly at $1 05. Other kinds range from 80 cents to $1 per bushel.

HAY. Choice hay has been selling at $16@$17 50 per ton, and this grade is fairly sold up. Ordinary grades continue slow and hard to sell at $12@$15 per ton. Rye straw is scarce and worth $17@$19 per ton.

Grass seed moves off more freely at 7 to 8 cents per pound for clover, and $1.80 to 1.90 per bushel for Timothy.

A dry hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No prompter remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.

Next summer's ice bids fair to be silver mounted.

Moisten a handkerchief with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and inhale for wakefulness.

And now last summer's fly
Greeteth the housewife's eye.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, Apr. 29, 1890.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle, 344; sheep and lambs, 6934; veals, 400; swine, 200; horses, 188; number of western cattle, 323; northern cattle, 21.

Prices of western cattle ranged from $3 50@4 75 per 100 lbs. live weight. Shipping cattle were costing $6 75@4 35 per 100 lbs. live weight. There were but a few western cattle landed at the yards, all being owned by butchers, none being put upon the markets for the trade.

Several hundred veals were in market, which were consigned to butchers for slaughter.

Sheep and lambs were all owned by butchers and went direct to the slaughter houses for slaughter, costing about the same as they were costing one week ago. The supply was full as large as the demands required.

Swine were in light demand, store pigs selling at $1@$5 per head. Those from the West were all owned by butchers and taken direct to the slaughter houses for butchering purposes.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Apr. 29.

CATTLE—Receipts 6,500; shipments 3000; steady to stronger; beeves 4 80@5 15; steers 3 50@4 60; stockers and feeders at 2 60@4 15; cows, bulls and mixed 1 50@3 60; TEXAS steers, 2 80@3 85.

HOGS—Receipts 16,500; shipments 6000; strong; mixed at 4 05@4 20¼; heavy 4 05@4 27½; light at 4 00@4 23½; skips at 3 50@4 00.

SHEEP—Receipts 4,000; shipments 10,000; strong; natives 3 75@6 00; Western corn fed 5 00@6 00; TEXANS 4 00@5 00; lambs 5 00@7 30.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Apr. 29.

United States Bonds, 3's,	(reg.)	
" "	New 4s, (reg.)	122
" "	" (coup.)	122
" "	New 4½ (reg.)	103½
" "	4½ (coup.)	103½
" "	Pacific 1sts.	111½

Married.

In Abbott Village, Apr. 23, Walter D. Lovell to Mary J. French, both of Abbott.

In Belfast, Apr. 19, Hiram C. Hofses to Maud L. Coombs, both of Belfast; Apr. 19, Capt. Isaac N. Closson to Carrie Taylor, both of Searsport; Apr. 15, Clarence O. Gay to Ida M. Penney, both of Belfast.

In Biddeford, Apr. 22, Daniel O'Callahan to Nora McCarthy.

In Brooksville, Apr. 9, Capt. Ernest Babson of Pumpkin Island Light Station, to Lillian A. Douglas of Brooksville.

In Cornish, Apr. 10, Charles Osgood to Lottie Buck.

In Canaan, Apr. 14, Sewall Brown to Carrie Goodale, both of Canaan.

In Caribou, Apr. 16, Albert W. Bailey to Minnie M. Wentworth, both of Caribou; Apr. 19, Charles Mills of Washburn, to Mary A. Ryan of Caribou; Apr. 21, Carl A. Ulrich to Gertrude F. Washburn, both of Caribou.

In Carratunk, Apr. 21, John H. Morris to Etta F. Dunp, both of West Forks.

In Columbia Falls, Apr. 11, Henry E. Morris of Columbia Falls, to Ida M. Martin of Addison; Apr. 17, Luther J. Dorr to Helen Young, both of Columbia Falls.

In Carmel, Apr. 18, Francis Loring of Etna, to Eliza A. Parsons of Carmel.

In Calais, Apr. 10, Howard J. Lambe of Calais, to Mrs. Carrie M. Porter of Robbinston; Apr. 19, Wm. S. McKay to Alma Stinson, both of Calais.

In Dutch Harbor, Apr. 19, Wm. E. Danforth, to Elias L. Burton of Tomer Station.

In Ellsworth, Apr. 20, Henry W. Linscott of Hancock, to Addie M. Austin of North Lamoine.

In Eastport, Apr. 15, George Somby of Calais, to Bertha E. Rounds of Eastport.

In East Machias, Apr. 19, Henry J. Hoar to Ida L. Hinckley; Ernest Galcomb to Madge Gardner, all of East Machias.

In Farmington, Apr. 18, Frank P. Dingley, formerly of Canton, to Annie L. York.

In Fort Fairfield, Apr. 8, Geo. W. Parks to Jennie Weaver, both of Fort Fairfield.

In Gardiner, Apr. 20, George D. Sweetland to Alice M. Grant.

In Green's Landing, P. S. Knowlton to Elnora P. Simpson.

In Hallowell, Apr. 23, John Burris to Alice Wall, both of Hallowell.

In Houlton, Apr. 9, Collinwood Hanning to Blanche E. Hall, both of Houlton.

In Hampden, Apr. 24, Geo. H. Sherman to Ora S. Dunton, both of Hampden.

In Kezar Falls, Apr. 15, John Stewart, Jr., to Mrs. Mackie of Glasgow.

In Lamoine, Apr. 19, Chabod Swinborn to Lydia Delano.

In Lisbon Falls, Apr. 18, Joseph S. Hamlin to Mrs. Sarah E. Bradeen, both of Milo.

In North Paris, Apr. 5, Seldon G. Barrett of Sumner, to Minnie M. Dickens of Paris.

In Norridgewock, Apr. 2, Charles W. Farrand of Norridgewock, to Mrs. Ella F. Emerson of Oakland; Apr. 10, Melville G. Bates to Mrs. Mary E. Lawrence, both of Norridgewock.

In Phillips, Apr. 19, Geo. W. Grover of Phillips, to Cora Walker of Avon.

In Pittsfield, Apr. 5, Albert F. Merrow of Pittsfield, to Ella J. Sherman of Burnham.

In Portland, Apr. 16, Capt. Nathan H. Young of Vinalhaven, to Annie M. Smith of Portland; Apr. 22, Warren Wilson Mansfield to Charlotte Hall, daughter of Lewis Pierce, Esq.; Apr. 22, John Brennan to Mrs. Lizzie McCracken, both of Portland.

In Randolph, Apr. 17, Freeman Lilliefield of Gardiner, to Georgie Moore of Randolph.

In Rockland, Apr. 23, John R. Prosock to Mary J. Williamson, both of Rockland; Apr. 19, Edward of Rockland, to Sadie M. Worcester of Belgrade; Apr. 19, Martin S. Hyler to Etta Scott, both of Cushing.

In Sweden, Apr. 17, Sidney S. Gray to Lydia A. Jordan.

In South Windham, Apr. 12, Chas. G. Libby to Alzada L. McLellan.

In Skowhegan, Apr. 5, Fred W. Chamberlain of Benton, to Angelia Gerald of Canaan.

In Somerville, Mass., Apr. 23, Winfield M. Savage to Zena Hunter, both of Fitchburg, Mass.

In Searsport, Apr. 20, Capt. Albert R. Colson to Caroline G. Packard, both of Searsport.

In St. George, Apr. 20, Jerome Jones to Carrie B. Marshall, both of St. George.

In South Brewer, Apr. 16, William A. Doane to Ella F. Jellison.

In St. Albans, Apr. 13, Clarence M. Stevens to Blanche M. Packard, both of St. Albans.

In Vinalhaven, Apr. 17, Henry Grant Johnston, Jr., to Minnie Eva Shirley, both of Vinalhaven.

In Waterville, Apr. 21, Napoleon Lambert to Moro Pomineau, both of Waterville; Apr. 21, Philip Vigue to Mary Lessor, both of Waterville; Apr. 21, Vital Maddin to Celina Giroux, both of Waterville.

In Wiscasset, Apr. 16, John E. McKenney to Lucretia S. Jackson.

In Washington, Apr. 2, Lewis E. Skinner to Minnie E. Knight, both of Washington.

In West Eden, Apr. 5, Elmer E. Sargent of Mount Desert, to Luella M. Higgins of West Eden.

In West Farmington, Apr. 12, Frank L. Foster to Mrs. Sadie E. Lunt, both of Farmington.

In Whiting, Apr. 3, Joseph M. Marston of Lubec, to Zebia G. Bell of Whiting.

In Waite, Apr. 2, George Porter to Gertie White, both of Topsfield.

In Yarmouth, Apr. 15, Edgar A. Small of Cornish, to Georgiana M. Hill of Yarmouth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Died.

In this city, Apr. 24, Mrs. Julia A. Town, widow of the late Chas. Town, aged 81 years, 8 months.

In Appleton, Apr. 21, Helen M., wife of B. F. Sprague, Esq.; Apr. 19, Daisy Whitney; Apr. 19, Jonathan Shaw Gushee, aged 75 years, 8 months.

In Bath, Apr. 23, Alice, twin daughter of James C. and Harriet Haigh, aged 11 months.

In Belgrade, Apr. 12, Mrs. Mary Ann Weaver, widow of the late Isaac Weaver.

In Buxton, Apr. 16, John Emery, aged about 68.

In Bowery Beach, Apr. 20, Almira G., wife of Joseph C. Knight, and daughter of Benjamin and Almira Mitchell, aged 52 years.

In Bangor, Apr. 21, Mary, daughter of the late Patrick Hanley; Apr. 19, Dr. John A. Clough, aged 33 years, 7 months.

In Calais, Apr. 15, William G. Gilchrest, aged 1 month; Apr. 17, Philip Corr, aged 43 years, 7 mos.

In Cumberland Mills, Apr. 23, Maud S. Witham, aged 2 years, 9 months.

In Cape Elizabeth, Apr. 23, Catharine, widow of the late John Stone.

In Dorring, Apr. 23, Joseph P. Otton, aged 11 years, 9 months; Apr. 23, John Brown, aged 77 years, 9 months.

In Ellsworth, Apr. 16, Lafayette Davis, aged 65 years; Apr. 22, Mrs. Abbie M. Maddocks, aged 26 years; Apr. 17, Parker W. Perry, aged 61 years.

In Fort Fairfield, Apr. 15, Joseph Fisher, aged 60.

In Holden, Apr. 18, Roscoe J., wife of G. W. Clark, aged 59 years, 3 months.

In Hampden, Apr. 23, Olive, wife of John Hammond, aged 67 years, 11 months.

In Houlton, Apr. 18, Frances W., infant daughter of Donald F. and Frances Melcher.

In Jackson, Apr. 2, Mable E. Foss, aged 26 years.

In Knox, Apr. 9, Gracie C. Scott, aged 14 years, 7 months.

In Leeds, Apr. 15, Mrs. Ruth Churchill, wife of Lewis Churchill, aged 70 years.

In No. Vassalboro, Apr. 23, Florence L. Clifford, aged 41 years.

In Oldtown, Mar. 29, Aaron M. Foss, aged 77 years, 3 months.

In Princeton, Apr. 12, Lydia B. Perkins, aged 42.

In Portland, Apr. 18, Elizabeth, wife of Michael Clear, aged 55 years, 4 months.

In Reed Plantation, Apr. 15, Phebe S. Clifford, aged 72 years.

In Readfield Depot, Apr. 16, Enoch Smith, aged 82.

In San Francisco, Apr. 19, Asenath, wife of Howard Havens, and daughter of the late Isaac Randall of Freeport.

In San Diego, Cal., Apr. 16, William W. Winchester of Chicago, and formerly of Eastport, Me., aged 52 years.

In Searsport, Apr. 19, Frederick A. Garey, aged 44 years, 6 months.

In Saco, Apr. 19, Mary E., wife of the late Geo. W. Sutherland.

In Upper Gloucester, Apr. 9, Mrs. Clemie A. McIntire, aged 37 years.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms of dyspepsia. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, restores the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me no good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Auburn City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Apr. 30.

APPLES—Evaporated, 8@11c per lb.; dried 4@6c; green apples $1 00@$1 50 per bushel; Baldwins and Greenings, $3 00@4 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 15@2 25; Yellow Eyes $2 50.

BUTTER—Good Firkin 18c; Ball Butter 18@23c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 10@12c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh 13c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 00@5 50; Patent 6 00@6

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Memories of Home.

Were mighty Homer's wondrous skill my own,
Or Milton's power, or Shakespeare's magic pen;
Not bloody war's inhuman scenes alone,
The strife of worlds, of angels, fiends, and men,
Or plots and amours of a godless throng,
Should be the burden of my deathless song.

Could Ovid's eloquence my tongue inspire,
Or Virgil teach my smouldering thoughts to glow
In brightest splendors of poetic fire,
No heathen shrine its sacred light should know
Or fabled gods, or heroes, ever claim
Its tributes to their glory, praise, or fame.

But O! far old which seers and prophets knew,
Which Miriam's voice and David's harp inspired,
While I that hallowed realm of Earth review,
Whither all bliss, at Eden's fall retired,
That safest refuge 'neath creation's dome
Called in the heart's most potent language, home.

That vantage ground amid probation's strife;
That rendezvous of heavenly powers below;
That bulwark of unstained and spotless life.
Where only men life's holier pleasure know;
And shorn of pride, of earthly guile unshod
Stand undisguised before their maker, God

Where native truth, simplicity and love,
Still linger, in a world by sin o'erthrown;
Where unity, like that of Heaven above,
And on this earth, good will to man are known;
Blest type of realms which for the saints remain,
Where yet shall all the poor in spirit reign.

O! Earth has that which tells of Heaven on high,
A still, small voice, of no uncertain sound—
'Tis memory's song, of joy in days gone by,
Of gems that in life's journey rain were found!
'Tis memory's story, as we onward roam,
Of bliss that was, and is to come, and home!

Of childhood's years, and youth's auspicious day,
Their perfect peace, to mortals here unknown;
Of dearly loved ones, long since passed away;
Of morning suns that o'er our dwelling shone;
The glowing landscape, and the scenes around,
Which marked of yore, our thought's remotest bound.

Blest scenes of comfort and of life, indeed,
Of wholesome toil only, called to sternest toil;
Where faithful labor sowed its plenteous seed,
And independence tilled the fruitful soil;
Where calm contentment cheered 'til evening's close,
And peace of conscience hailed the night's repose.

Happy the man whose healthful effort wins
His bread direct from God and Nature's hands;
Who humbly life pursues or begins,
Faithful to nature and her Lord's commands;
Who dreads no tyrant, or oppressor's call,
Fears only God, and renders right to all.

O! Thou to whom the welcome incense rose
From father's house, in past and happier days,
Of bliss that only from life's river flows,
Of loving wisdom, and of tuneful praise.
Cause yet, as then, Thy hand revealed to be!
Let us that childhood's sweet admiration see!

Thou, light of that beloved abode and day,
Which yet hast marked my course through dan ger's foam,
Seem'st beckoning now, o'er life's tempestuous way.
To land beyond—to an eternal home,
And blest reunion on the nearer shore,
With voyagers gone, whom seas shall part no more.

GRANVILLE P. WILSON.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

JACK.

BY CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

CONTINUED.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A PARTING.

At night, with a prayer for thee,
I seek my rest.
Others may care for thee,
I love thee best.
What is Love's mystery?
Where does it tend?
Whence sprung its history?
Where will it end?
At morn, with fond prayers for thee,
Day is begun.
No other cares for thee
As I do; not one.

Dear one, adieu to thee,
Since we must part.
I will be true to thee
Till stops this heart.
Were this life, living, worth,
Blessed not by love?
Love greets us at our birth,
Send from above.
Welcome, Love's mystery,
Sweetening Life's gloom;
Taking its history
E'en 'yond the tomb.

Jack, soon after her engagement to Carl, had an invitation to visit an old friend of the family, who lived in the country, quite a distance from the city where Mrs. Clement lived. Jack had visited her many times, and had always enjoyed herself very much. But she did not seem as eager to go as she always had. Her mother smiled at her when she said:

"I do not care much about going."

"But I thought perhaps you would like to go now, as Carl is going to New York soon."

Jack blushed at her mother's guessing so quickly the cause of her reluctance to leave home.

"He is not going just yet," she said, slowly.

"You need not go just yet," answered her mother, smiling.

"You could write that you would come in about a week, which would be about as short a time as you ought to allow yourself for preparations. By that time I feel quite sure Carl will be ready for his business trip to New York."

Jack seemed much pleased with this plan. Carl was going away on some business which was connected with his plans for his future career as a lawyer. She had hardly known how she should live without him for the length of time he would be absent.

When the invitation came to her to spend the summer with her old friend, she had not thought of his journey, and had not liked the idea of leaving him. Now that her mother had smoothed it all out so nicely for her, she felt glad of the chance to get away somewhere during his absence, where every one and every thing would not remind her of him every moment, and where, amid new scenes and new faces, she could get through the dreary time much easier. No place was anything to her now unless he was there. She might as well be away as at home.

No hour of the day passed that she did not think of him. No day was full and rounded out unless he was in it. He was a part of her bright, sweet innocent life. She did not attempt to hide her love from him. No thought of coquetry ever entered her mind in connection with them. She loved him. She had loved him ever since she first met the look of love in his dark eyes with her shy, gray ones. She had told him so on that first day on the boat, and what was the use or sense of trying to make him think she did not now? It would not be truthful, and would be of no use, for he knew.

No man could read the shy, sweet look on her face when she met him, as he did every time he came, without knowing that all the love of that pure, warm heart was all his own.

And to the world-weary man this love was the sweetest thing that had ever come into his wild, dissipated, reckless life. How sweet it was to him; what an influence for good it had over him; what a bright star it was in the path ahead of him, leading him on, no one knew. To lose her now would plunge him into deeper dissipation than he had yet known; would drive him to utter ruin. What the future held in store for these two who loved each other so fondly, they did not know, and were happy. When Carl came in the evening, Jack told him of the invitation, and what her mother had said.

"That will be just the thing for you, while I am gone. You need a change, and that will be just the thing. And by the time your visit is over, I will be ready to come home."

For what reason she needed a change, it would have been hard for a doctor to have told, who saw the bloom on the round cheek, and the bright, sweet look of perfect happiness in the clear eyes. Whether Carl would have discovered this need of change, had he been intending to stay at home, is also a hard question to decide. I shall not attempt to do so. You who read can answer it for yourselves.

Everything being arranged to the satisfaction of all parties (everything except the coming separation), preparations were carried on briskly for Jack's vacation, and Carl's business trip. The days flew altogether too swiftly for Jack and Carl. But his promise to Mrs. Clement had been no vain boast. He meant to make the most of every opportunity, and to make himself as nearly worthy of her matchless daughter as lay in his power. Of course he had no idea he would ever be half good enough for his darling, but he would come as near to that mark as he could. And Jack! she was all ambition for him, and the knowledge that his absence was a part of his new plans, and that it was all for her sake, and to keep his promise to her mother, helped her to keep up very bravely until the last evening. Then she broke down completely, and cried in his arms until she could cry no longer, regardless of the salt shower on his immaculate shirt front, and of her red nose and eyes. It was not at all likely he would care anything about his shirt front on this doleful occasion, and it was also very unlikely that he would think her very homely if her nose and eyes were made red by weeping for him. She knew better than any such thing, and so she cried until she had to give it up, having exhausted all her tears but a very select few, which were to be on hand for the last agonizing moment.

Having arrived at this period, she allowed his loving words to soothe her a little, but not much. He said he did not see how he could live two long, dreary months without her. She was equally blind as to how he was going to get through such a time. Of course she would not think of such a thing as his dying, but then, it was very sweet to hear him say he could not live without her, especially at the time she was wondering how she was going to live without him. If both of them died, it would not be so bad (not quite) as for one to be so utterly miserable as to survive the other. Of course she had rather die than lose him. But then, she thought how utterly useless and empty his life would be, and gave up that idea, resolved that either they would both die of loneliness, or both should manage to survive the parting, and live to meet again.

At last, after bidding her good-bye, (at which time the few reserved tears came duly to the front) and starting and coming back at least half a dozen times, he tore himself away, and she would see him no more for two long months. She mentally resolved that life was a failure at best, and went slowly to bed, vowing she would not sleep a wink the whole wretched night. Of course Carl would not sleep, and she did not intend to be outdone in any way in this tragic act. But for some reason, perhaps because she had used up all her tears, she was soon in a deep, dreamless sleep, from which she did not waken until she had been called at least three times, by every member of the family, from her mother down to Pigeon.

Carl, meanwhile, walked slowly home, with his mind full of the lonely girl he had left. He got home in some way, and was soon deep in the enjoyment of a fragrant Havana, the rings of perfumed smoke curling gracefully above his head. He watched them lazily, and continued his waking dream, until the cigar went out, disgusted at the lack of attention it received, and the smoker was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

On the next day, both took their departure from the city; he in one direction, she in another,—and each resolved to put in the most horrible time that two heart broken lovers had ever yet experienced.

First, we will see Jack safely to the place where she expects to put in so many misery in a short period of time. She took no notice of the other passengers in the car, but kept her eyes turned resolutely out of the window.

Many of the passengers wondered if the disconsolate little figure, looking so fresh and neat in her new traveling suit, but with such a heart broken look on the round, rosy face (which the tears had not been able to take the color from), was going to a funeral.

Her friend met her at the depot, and welcomed her warmly. She wondered a little at the look on her face, which she could remember only as being full of mischief, and running over with smiles, but she took no notice of it, apparently, and a little later a letter from Jack's mother gave her a few hints, and she smiled a little, quietly to herself, at the woe-begone expression on the face of her little romping tomboy Jack. "She will get over it," she said to herself. "I will take no notice of it, and for want of anything to feed on, or sympathize with it, her grief will soon be a thing of the past."

She did not give Jack credit for the depth of feeling which was under all that wild, wilful exterior. She had no idea that anything could have taken such a hold on the child who had romped over the farm, year after year, as light hearted and thoughtless as the butterflies she was chasing.

But as time went on, and Jack did not get to be a romp again, she began to realize, dimly, in her slow way, that a change had come over Jack. So she began by degrees to talk to her of her lover.

At first, Jack was surprised that she should know anything about him, and a little shy about talking of her idol to any one, but by degrees this shyness wore off, and she talked to her old friend of her handsome, manly lover, extolling his virtues and lauding him to her heart's content.

She had a very sympathetic listener, and in thus talking of her absent loved one, and the dear ones left at home, she did not feel as lonely as before. She began to feel more like herself, and her songs and laughter filled the old house again. Then how could a girl be very lonely who received such love letters as she did every day, and had so many sunny nooks in which to hide while she read them through several times, kissing them between the readings, looking shyly around all the while to see that the birds and insects were not watching her? And then, answering them took quite a lot of her time, and besides all this she could talk about him all she cared to, sure of sympathy, as she sat at her friend's knee and told her of her idol, while the tollhardened hand gently smoothed her hair.

After she had been there about a month, she received a postmark which also set overcame her with joy. It was a really fine picture of her lover, incased in a very handsome frame. He had not mentioned it in any of his letters, so it seemed all the better when she opened it, (having first run over into the woods with it), and saw the dear face, which was never absent from her in her waking hours, or her dreams, looking at her with such a loving look in the dark eyes, looking straight into her own; and the firm, tender mouth which had kissed her so often and so fondly, looking so fondly, looking as if the lips were about to open to say something sweet to her. After she had looked at it, and kissed it for a long time, she took it in proudly to show her friend that she had not boasted any in her description of her lover's looks, and surely her friend must see, after looking at that noble face, that he was worthy of all the praise that she (Jack) had lavished upon him.

The old friend admired and praised the picture enough to satisfy Jack. It was, really, no hard task for her to admire the face displayed, so fondly and proudly, for her kindly criticism. It was a very handsome face,—a strong, determined, noble, generous face, whose eyes looked so straight into her own, and she said so to Jack.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hunted by a Panther.

The most thrilling experience in the vicinity of Bismarck, Dak., for many years, was the fight with a panther, in which Charles Richardson and Martin D. Cole of this place came out victorious. While hunting deer in the woods along the Missouri river, about 50 miles north, Richardson was surprised by the panther, which he did not see until within 30 feet of the animal. At the moment his eyes met the panther's, the beast was crouched ready to spring.

Richardson raised his rifle and fired without aim, the ball striking the panther's fore leg and glancing to his head. No sooner was the shot fired than the infuriated beast sprang, Richardson claiming that he went at least 60 feet the first jump. This jump was made after a sudden whirl of the body, and the panther went in an opposite direction.

But it was not through fear, for as soon as he struck the ground he sprang back about half-way to Richardson, when the second ball was fired, this striking him in the nose and stunning him for a moment.

That was the last cartridge Richardson had, and he started on a run for his companion, who was about a mile distant. The panther followed through the sticky mud, but Richardson's cries attracted Cole, who hastened to meet him. When Cole came upon the scene with his loaded rifle the panther was following Richardson, and would soon have overtaken him, as he was recovering from the stunning effects of the wounds.

Cole, who is but 17 years of age, no sooner caught a glimpse of the beast than he aimed and fired, the ball striking the animal in the neck. With a terrific cry and a bound in mid-air the panther sprang to within 15 feet of the young hunters. A second ball from Cole's rifle struck him in the head just as he was about to pounce upon the terrified youths.

This knocked him over, but he recovered his crouching position and was tearing up the earth with rage when another ball in the head killed him. In the meantime Richardson reloaded his rifle and fired, and altogether seven shots were fired before the beast was so disabled that he did not show fight.

The panther was a magnificent specimen of his species, and measured eight feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

It is believed here that he must have escaped from a circus menagerie, as his like has never been seen in this country. At the time of his discovery he was in charge of a fawn, and his hunger, coupled with the fact that he was interrupted when within jumping distance of his prey, made him desperately ferocious. His body is now on exhibition in this city, and the young sportsmen are the heroes of the day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Five boys," relates a Pacific coast contemporary, "made a bed in an old deserted building in a gulch south of Portland, Ore., the other night. Richard Mills, one of the boys, threw the end of a cigarette into what he thought was a bucket of dirt standing near, when an explosion followed, the supposed dirt proving to be powder. Mills was killed and the other four boys were dreadfully burned."

Young Folks Column.

Mr. Editor: I send herewith the four prize essays, as follows:

First prize for girls, Lucy Murphy, Green's Landing, Me., age 14.
Second prize for girls, Jennie F. Graves, South Thomaston, Me., age 15.
First prize for boys, Frank H. Morse, Berwick, King's Co., Nova Scotia, age 10.
Second prize for boys, James W. Folger, Augusta, Me., age 13.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Lois A. Moserve, Vassalboro, Me., age 11.
Alena Hambleu, Gorham, Me.
Florence H. Freeman, So. Waldoboro, Me., age 14.
Sabina C. Morey, Morrill, Me., age 14.
Lena F. Robbins, Riversdale, Me., age 15.
Winona F. Folsom, Sprague Mills, Me., age 11.
Bertha O. Tros, New Gloucester, Me., age 12.
Alice A. Whitefield, Mo., age 15.
Mabel F. Johonnet, Palmyra, Me., age 14.
Jack B. Wyden, Compton, Que., age 13.
Frederick W. Trefry, Houlton, Me., age 13.
James F. Murphy, West Deer Isle, Me., age 12.
John J. McKerrin, So. Waldoboro, Me., age 10.
Willie W. Davis, Madison, Nebraska, age 12.
Willie S. Ripley, Washington, Me., age 15.
Bertha E. Williams, Bowdoinham, Me., age 9.
Gardiner.

Life in the Country.

(FIRST PRIZE, BOYS.)

I am a country boy 10 years old, and live on a big farm at the foot of a mountain. In the winter we have great times coasting down the big hills, and skating on the brooks. All the boys skate, and most of the girls. In the winter evenings we have candy parties and singing school, and sometimes a bean supper or a pie sociable. When the snow begins to melt we make maple sugar that tastes a great deal better than what you buy in the stores. Then the grass begins to grow, and the flowers come out, and everything looks lovely. We boys have to rustle round and help father get his crops in the ground, and look after young lambs and calves. But we can always find time to go fishing, and we know just the places to go. Some of the city lads come out here with their five dollar fishing poles, and go up and down the brooks and never get a bite, while we can go out with our birch rods and catch enough trout for breakfast in no time. It's enough to make a frog laugh to see them fish. When strawberry time comes all hands of us boys have to help pick. When we find an extra nice one we pop it in our own mouth, and put the rest in boxes and crates and send them off to market. But they don't begin to taste as well as a good bowlful fresh from the vines, with plenty of good, sweet cream and sugar, and some of mother's nice buscuit for tea. Then comes cherry time. Oh, my! And all the rest of the good things that grow in the country. In haying time school lets out for vacation, and then hurrah for the hay field. Father starts the mower, and we boys have to turn over the hay and rake on the raking machine, and load it, while the hired man pitches it on to the wagon fast enough to bury us if we don't look out. After the hay and grain are harvested, the apples and pears are ripe, and what good times we have then. Each of us boys have a nest in the hay mow, or somewhere else, and the one that gets up first gets the most apples. Sometimes we find another fellow's nest, and there is music. But the jolliest of all is Christmas; we all hang up our socks, and old Santa Claus fills them full of good things. We have a big dinner, and play all sorts of games, and have lots of fun. I tell you city chaps are to be pitied. Father says a great many noted men were once barefooted country boys, and that if we study hard we have as good a chance as any one. Please excuse my writing, as I have not had much practice.

FRANK H. MORSE.

Berwick, Kings Co., N. S.

The Country Boy.

(SECOND PRIZE, BOYS.)

There is a great difference in the country boys. Some have to work hard and some do not; some can dress well and some cannot. The country boys are stronger and more healthy than the city boys, generally. Most of them have quite a good education, but not so good as some of the city boys. The country boy gets up about six o'clock in the morning, builds the fire, and puts on the water to heat, then he goes to the barn, milks, and cleans out the barn, cards, and brushes the cattle and horses, feeds and waters the cattle, horses, sheep and pigs, some have little colts, and some of the hens and chickens, then after the morning chores are done, he washes, changes his clothes, combs his hair, takes his dinner pail (unless he lives near the school house,) and goes to the school. At night when the school is let out, he goes home, puts on his work clothes, milks, feeds and waters the cattle, beds them with straw or hay, shuts up the barn, and goes in to supper. Then the papers are brought out to be read. Once in a while a neighbor calls in to talk about the weather and crops. Then the house is locked up, and all to bed. The country boy generally has a pair of skates, sled, bat and ball, and little boat, which he makes himself. Some winter evenings they have skating parties, or sliding parties. Once in a while the boys and girls have a party at some one's house, they play games, have nuts and apples, and a good time. In the spring and fall the boys catch mink and musk rat in traps set on the ponds and brooks. Some of them make quite a lot of pocket money this way. In the winter the boys and their fathers chop the wood and haul it into the door yard, where it is sawed up for the stove, the boys do a good part of this.

LEMUEL W. FOLGER, age 12 years.

Augusta, Me.

A Country Girl.

(FIRST PRIZE, GIRLS.)

Without doubt, the country girl is a happy, care-free being. She enjoys being caught in a shower, or standing on a hill-top while the wind almost blows her away. She is perfectly at home when sitting on the topmost rail of the pasture bars, with her feet dangling in mid air, while her lips are pursed into a round, berry-like dot, as she whistles boyishly. She complacently rides the lazy plough horses to water, and after several ineffectual efforts to keep from sliding off over their heads, as they stand knee deep in the clear brook, she comes down with a spring and a splash, and stands calmly where she landed, watching the rippling waters as they transform her bare, brown feet into many a fantastic shape. She goes berrying, and after picking perhaps three quarts, (two of which she eats) starts for home. But alas! when home is reached, only a few lonely, disconsolate little berries are rolling dismally around the bottom of the dish. Whether she spilled them or not we do not say, but her lips are very red, and her fingers also. She knows just how many little speckled eggs lie concealed in the swallow's nest, though that clay dwelling be situated on the highest limb in the barn. She is light of foot and glad of heart. She is merry as a bird of spring; and if you wish for a subject in cool, reckless daring, consult "a country girl." In school she is not a whit less irrepressible. If a paper ball suddenly lodges in your left ear, you may know who has thrown it, for she cannot resist a titter at your blank look. She knows how to (mentally) cut it the snowball sitting so comfortably between her cloak collar and the back of her neck, begins to melt, (in the very midst of an exciting battle) and run in cold streams down her back, she bears it bravely. She protects every bird, squirrel and butterfly that haunts the fields, which proves that a warm, loving little heart beats beneath her calico dress. But as for dresses, she gets one so seldom with her delight over it does not wear out until the dress does. She believes in short sleeves and long arms. She wears her hat on her arm half the time; the other half it is dangling from her neck by the ribbons, thus saving her back from sunburn. Result: Her face is as brown as a chestnut, and the roses and dimples are inter-mingled with numerous freckles. How unfortunate! Now last, but not least, I will tell you her accomplishments. She can do housework, of course, though generally she detests it. She can carry the three-year-old baby on her back (when she is in a hurry). She can skate, coast, row, sing, whistle, run, climb, swim, and—walk the top rail of the pig yard.

LUCY MURPHY, aged 14 yrs.

Green's Landing.

A Country Girl.

(SECOND PRIZE, GIRLS.)

In the life of a country girl, as in other people's lives, there is, of course, much that is disagreeable, but I shall mention only the pleasant, because the unpleasant to dispose of enough without either reading or writing about it. Let us follow a country girl, whom we will call Ruth, through the varying occupations of a year, beginning with the spring which is the busiest season for sprouts, because then are so many pets to take care of. First come the wee white lambs to be petted and fed and the chubby, fat bossies. Then the downy little chickens, fuzzy, waddling ducks, and tiny speckled turkeys claim her attention. Soon, however, the weather grows warmer and they begin to take care of themselves, so Ruth has time to search in the sunny nooks for the sweet wild flowers which she loves so well. Absorbed in these pursuits time flies swiftly and school each morning is delightful. Out by the orchard, where each tree is a bouquet of the loveliest blossoms, pausing as she passes to gather a bunch, and a spray from the lilac near by, she follows the dandelion-starred path by the patches of blue and white violets, and a short walk brings her to the schoolhouse. It is a small, low, unpainted building with a moss-sprinkled roof. At one corner, near the eaves, a couple of red squirrels have gnawed a hole through the weather-beaten boards and are building their nest inside, chattering gayly as they scamper along the stone wall. The term is not very long and ends before the strawberries are ripe. Ruth knows well where they will be thickest, for she has watched them from the blossoms. Before they are gone the blueberries ripen and then in succession come raspberries, blackberries and huckleberries. So Ruth is very busy, like the bee, gathering a luscious store for winter use. About the last of August, Ruth begins to watch certain trees in the orchard for the rosy-cheeked windfall apples, and every morning, darts like a swallow out through the barn, between the long mows of sweet new hay and down to the orchard, to return with her apron full of the glossy red beauties. The great cherry tree in the yard is covered with dark, rich clusters of cherries now, too, and she spends many happy hours in the hammock under its deep shade. When the fall term of school begins, the green leaves of the woodbine that covers the hedge have turned a vivid scarlet, and the maples all around the house are gorgeous bouquets. On Saturdays Ruth gathers the beechnuts that grow on the clump of beeches below the grove, and the prickly hazelnuts still further down beside the field. Then come the holidays with their mirth and bustle and at Christmas you may be sure Ruth has her share, both in giving and receiving presents. Soon after the holidays begins again, and then comes the spelling school, the crowning delight of country school-going in the winter. All the lanterns in the district are mustered and hung around the walls, which are decorated with evergreen, and a lamp is placed on the teacher's desk. All the young folks from the surrounding districts, and not a few of their parents are present, and at seven o'clock the exercises begin. The programme consists of readings, declamations and spelling "on sides," but we will pass over these to the final contest, which is the old fashioned spelling match. Every one, scholars and spectators, must take part in it, so they all stand in a long row, and the teacher gives out the words. One by one they fall and take their seats, till at last only one remains, and that is Ruth, who evidently has not studied her spelling book so diligently in vain. Here, elated with her triumph, we will leave her, hoping that each year of her life may be as pleasant as the one just traced by us.

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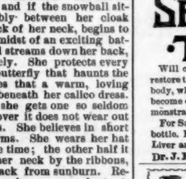

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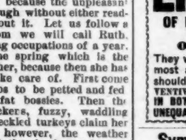

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